JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 29, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1276.
Vol. XLVIII.

OVER A MILLION SALE

Attractive gifts by the Century-old House of De La Rue

By the excellence of its productions, ranging well over a century, this London House has become recognised as the manufacturer of gifts of distinction.

Onoto the Pen

Is unique for the following reasons :

It is the only pen that—FILLS BY THE PLUNGER PROCESS—the most effective of all systems—CANNOT LEAK even with the cap off, because of a safety valve—and ALLOWS THE FLOW OF INK TO BE REGULATED.

These features are obtainable in no other pen. See them at your Stationer—have one demonstrated to you and note the beauty and workmanship.

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5030. Medium size with R. G. Clip, 20/-.
5233. In radiant colours with 3 dainty mounts & R. G. Clip, 22/6. Partly or fully-covered models, 30/-.
1830. Mammoth model with R.G. Clip, 30/-.
1833. With 3 dainty mounts, 35/-.

See also the De La Rue Lever Filling Pen, in beautiful colours at moderate cost. It has a 14 carat gold nib, and R. G. Lever and Clip, 10/6. With one dainty mount, 12/6.

A pencil that writes with ink.
ONOTO INK PENCIL.
No points to sharpen or break, your pencil notes become permanent.
In hand-some colours, 7/6. With 3 dainty mounts, 10/6.

W.4. Calf or Seal case, containing coloured Onoto Pen with 3 mounts and coloured Propelling Pencil 37/6.

Spring lock case fully covered, lined velvet and satin, containing Onoto Pen and Propelling Pencil 22/6.

21. Carlton Ware with Vase and mounted taper Onoto Pen 42/-.

5233 12/6

5030 25/-

283 10/6

300 7/6

301 12/6

9233 Lever filling 25/-

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Pen and Pencil combined sets in handsome fitted case, lined velvet and satin. From 30/- complete.

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AN ORIGINAL XMAS PRESENT. See Levine Bros.' advertisement on page 5. It may solve your Xmas problem.

FATHERS and Mothers should not overlook the HORNBY TRAIN advt. on page 27. An interesting book containing full colour illustrations can be secured by sending 4½d. and the names and addresses of 3 of your boy's chums.

GET the BENSON free illustrated Catalogue of WATCHES, JEWELLERY, etc., offered free in the advt. on page 32. An offer appears for a SOLID GOLD WATCH for 7/- down.

THE attention of readers is drawn to the BRAVINGTON advt. on page 32. A RING BOOK is offered post free. Mention JOHN BULL when writing.

DRAGE'S offer their famous Catalogue of FURNITURE on page 27, and GRAMOPHONES on page 34.

AN interesting booklet, "All about HARRIS-IAN TROUSERS" is offered free in the advt. on page 36. Write for a copy.

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Christmas . . . the time of laughter, gaiety and music, GOOD music . . . is almost here! Your guests and family are all getting excited with the expectancy of the frolic and fun in store. Are you prepared . . . have you everything ready? Some will prefer the Wireless, others the Gramophone. What better instrument than a Fullotone, the Gramophone of *amazing* value! Every genuine Fullotone is all British, guaranteed for 12 months and sold direct from factory with no middlemen's profits to swell the price. The model illustrated is complete with spacious Record Compartment, AUTO STOP and finest quality fittings throughout.

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CIGARETTES.—Sensational Price Reduction of Famous Kenrom Cigarettes! Direct to smokers now only 3/- 100. Also our well-known Empire Gold Flake, 2/- per 100. Post 3d. on all orders. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash refunded.—The Braham Cigarette Co. (Dept. B.), 12, Braham Street, London, E.1.

GIVEN AWAY. BEAUTIFUL BATH TOWELS. Here's an offer you shouldn't miss." It is fully described in the advt. of H. Hall (Hull), on page 2.

A KEEN EDGE ON OLD RAZOR BLADES can be given with the Automatic Stropping Machine. It costs only 2/- and saves you pounds. Obtainable from Wm. Penn. (Illus. advt. on page 3.)

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENTS for 10½d. only. Be sure you do not miss the offer of Regent Art Studios appearing on page 3.

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BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 20/-. 70 costly home-made garments. Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, 16 Terry Napkins, Vests, 3 Barras, Wool Coats, Nightdress, etc. Guaranteed the best. Over 2,000 trade testimonials received. Proves the best by sending 2/- for parcel on approval, then pay by instalments. A Mother with 12 years' experience.—Mrs. J. Sheppard, 68, Dover Rd., Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

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GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts ... Cash or terms. Build £12 models for £2. Illustrations 3d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford.

A PIANO or ORGAN for ... CRANE'S advt. on page 14 ... trated Catalogue No. 240.

SEVERAL interesting GRAMOPHONE OFFERS appear in this issue. Free Catalogues are offered by FULLOTONE (large advt. on page), O'BRIEN (p. 16), GRAVES (p. ...), BOOSEY (p. 39).

THINKING OF BUYING A WIRELESS? Turn to YEWDALL'S advt. on page 35.

A SPECIAL offer of KIRBITONE GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES ... on page 28.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY.

BIG CHRISTMAS BOOM IN CANARIES. There is money in pet birds. See "Cage Birds." 2d. all newsagents. Specimen copy free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

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ASTHMATICS should fill ... the POTTER & CLARKE ad. ... a FREE SAMPLE and Booklet.

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MINETTOUR READERS can ... a 100-page "Guide to Careers" ... the country in the METROPOLITAN ... advt. on page 19.

FREE.—£25 CASH PRIZES ... £250 Competition Prizes are ... "DIPLOMA" "LIMERICK" ... on page 31. Turn to ...

FREE.—Write for Leaflet showing ... offered in exchange for labels ... SAFETY MATCHES ... Bull, to the address ... advt. on page 29.

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LUXURY IN FLOOR COVERINGS

Write now for FREE SAMPLES and full particulars of this wonderful damp proof, rot proof floor covering. Will stand any amount of hard wear. Several handsome patterns.

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11/9 per pair and ONE PAIR **FREE**

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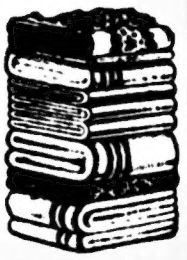
PAIR of WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, English made, whipped and bordered.
PAIR of FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.
PAIR of PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE PAIR STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS.
PAIR of Long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, or
TWO PAIRS of Lovely CASEMENT CURTAINS
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.
All Bedding for Full-size Double Beds.



THIS BALE GIVEN FREE

PAIR of WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, PAIR FINE TWILL SHEETS, ONE ALHAMBRA QUILT, PAIR PURE WHITE PILLOW CASES or ONE BOLSTER CASE.

Guaranteed British made quality exactly as in large Bale, all for full size double beds. **Money refunded if not satisfied.**

40/- Carriage Paid

EXTRA GIFT of this charming CLOCK, *suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

This Bale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars. *Treasury notes should be registered.*

L. & C. MOSS (Dept. 40.)

Stevenson Square, MANCHESTER

Beautiful Bath Towels GIVEN AWAY!

Ridiculous as it sounds, in order to introduce our mammoth bargain parcel of Towels to "John Bull" readers every purchaser will receive

A Free Gift of a Heavy Quality, Large Size 50 in. long: Coloured Bath Towel. Actual value, 2 6.

You send only 6 6 for the parcel, which contains

2 White Turkish Hand Towels, 20 in. by 40 in.
4 Coloured Stripe Hand Towels, 20 in. by 40 in.
1 Coloured Stripe Kitchen Roller Towel, 2½ yards.
1 Kitchen Tea Cloth, 18 in. by 32 in.

The parcel alone is extraordinary value and is sent with the Free Gift, post free. *Send 6/6d. for this wonderful bargain NOW.*

H. HALLIWELL, 29 Major St., Manchester

FLOOR COVERING

AMAZING VALUE!

90 SQ. FT. FOR 15/- SAMPLES FREE

DAMP-PROOF & ROT-PROOF.

THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter Street, Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

32

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARD TABLES

are being given away **FREE**

Write for particulars to

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington, *and at Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1*

WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILTS FREE

2 Soft Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 16
1 Beautiful Fedyreed 80 x 60
1 Coloured Turkish Towel.

Made for lasting wear.

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE

Complete **20/-** Carr. Free

(No further payments.)

Cash or C.O.D.

Money back if not satisfied.

FREE GIFTS.

A HANDSOME WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings sent free with each Bale.

STANDARD SHEET CO., [illegible] Prin.es: Street, MANCHESTER.

Guaranteed

12 BRITISH ROSES

LEADING VARIETIES 12/6

Carriage Paid. Cash with order.

TWO COLLECTIONS 24/-

Why not send them for Christmas Presents?

Catalogues post free.

S. BIDE AND SONS LTD., FARNHAM, SURREY.

WHIPCORD TROUSERS

4/- PER PAIR Post 6d.

Look at the price—I defy competition. But send for a pair of these hard-wearing trousers, examine the quality and you'll marvel at the value. Made of heavy quality whipcord, dark ground with neat grey stripe, permanent turn-up, seams taped to prevent splitting. Price only 4/- (post 6d. extra). Buy a pair on understanding of fair wear or replaced free. State waist and inside leg measurements. No extra for outsize. Send NOW. H. LYONS (Dept. J.), 15, Chapel Street, London, E.1.

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

A Novice can erect, 6 Sections to bolt together. 6 in. weatherboards. Planed Framing, Roofing Felt. Useful for storage Cycles, Workshops, etc. Prompt Dispatch. Span roof type, as left illustration.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments or 12
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£3 . 0 . 0.	of 11/11 of 6/3
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£4 . 12 . 0.	of 16 5 of 8/7
9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	£6 . 14 . 0.	of £2/7 of 12/4
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£7 . 0 . 0.	of £2/1 of 12/8

Carr. Paid. Send for Free Book No. 46. Many sizes & designs.

J. THORN & SONS (BOX 46), BRAMPTON RD., BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.

THAT SHED YOU NEED!

From 6/5 Per Month Deld. 1st Payment

For storing Coal, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. 5/8 in planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long. Wide. High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6ft. x 4ft. x 6½ft.	£3. 9. 6	12/6	6/6
6ft. x 6ft. x 6½ft.	£4. 12. 0	17/3	9/-
8ft. x 6ft. x 6½ft.	£5. 7. 6	18/10	9/11
10ft. x 6ft. x 7½ft.	£6. 11. 0	22/11	12/6
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BIG CATALOGUE OF PORTABLE BUILDINGS FREE

H. SUTCLIFFE LTD., 32, Wood Top, [illegible] Yorks. London Showroom, 69-63, Strand St.

SENSATIONAL RADIO!

The "MIRACLE VICTORY" is marvellous. Simple to operate, yet gives enormous range of stations at full strength, with superb tone. Handsome cabinet, with artistic panel in oxidised silver colour, and magnificent Fabian Cone speaker. SOLD AT FACTORY PRICES, complete ready to switch on, from 10/- Monthly.

SEND COUPON in 1d. stamped unsealed envelope to:

The World's Wireless Stores, Wallington, Surrey.

Please send me FREE ART PLATES of "Miracle" Sets.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.

Write in CAPITAL letters, using a pencil.

Write for Lists

The MIRACLE VICTORY

FROM 10/- MONTHLY

DON'T PAY NOW

ONLY FIRST INSTALMENT WITH ORDER.

HIGHEST GRADE TAILORING

TAKE 9 MONTHS TO PAY. Monthly

Suits from 4gns. or ... 10/-
Overcoats from 3gns. or 7/6
Raincoats from 2½gns. or 6/6
Dinner Suits from 5gns. or 12/6

JOHN TEMPLE

8, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1
"0", Aldersgate Street, E.C.1
8, Clarence St., Kingston.

POSTAL ORDERS (Or guaranteed)

(Dept. 39), Trinity Court, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1

John Bull's Record Threefold Xmas Gift to You

One Shilling
Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until December 31st, 1930.
1

Cut out this Voucher and send in with Xmas Gift Coupon below.

"A WINNER."

"Thank you for the 'John Bull' Pen received. Like the 'Pen' in the Cambridgeshire, your 'John Bull' Pen is a winner! I am delighted with it."—F. M. Wright, 222, Algernon Road, Ladywell, London, S.E.13.

TABLES heaped high with applications—mailbags groaning under the weight of "John Bull" Gift Packages how can we best tell our readers that "John Bull's" sensational Christmas Gift Offer for 1930 has swept all before it and broken all records?

With Christmas drawing ever nearer, you must hurry if you are to receive your Gift Package in ample time for Christmas. Don't delay, but apply at once on the Xmas Gift Coupon which you will find at the bottom left-hand corner of this page.

What "John Bull" offers you Free!

(1) A SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER which will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous 5/- Lever Filler "John Bull" Pen fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. **A 5 years' written guarantee** sent with each pen. Universally admitted to be worth 15/-.

(2) A 24-CARAT COLD-PLATED GILLETTE RAZOR of the very latest pattern, "the greatest shaving improvement in 28 years." The blade, like the razor, is of an entirely new pattern, made of processed steel which resists rust. Packed in handsome and compact metal case.

(3) A 3/6 "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL of an entirely new design. Sturdy enough for a captain of industry—charming enough for a leader of Society. The lovely colours accentuate the dazzling brilliance of the gold-plated mountings. Unscrew the base and you will find rubber and refills at your service. A clip just gives it the finishing touch.

Cut out the Shilling Xmas Gift Voucher above, attach it to Coupon below and post at once.

Pen and Pencil are packed in an attractive presentation box. Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.

JOHN BULL'S Xmas Gift Coupon

To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 27, Floral St., London, W.C.2.

I enclose "JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT VOUCHER value 1/-, which please accept in part payment of the famous 5/- "JOHN BULL" PEN. This also entitles me to the Free Presentation Razor Set and 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. I enclose Postal Order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance, making 4/6 in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Pocket Clip for Pen 3d. extra. Tube of Pencil Refills 3d.
Fine, medium, broad nib (cross out grades not required). Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in CAPITALS name or initials desired.

.....

Cross cheque, p.o. "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull."

(3) J.B., 29/11/30.

IF YOU DO NOT APPROVE—SEND IT BACK

AND WE WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY

THIS HANDSOME OAK CLOCK WITH 8 DAY MOVEMENT. STRIKING ON GONG. 10½" HIGH. 9½" WIDE. 5½" DEEP. LONG TIME GUARANTEE

HAVING PURCHASED A LARGE STOCK OF THESE CLOCKS WE ARE ABLE TO OFFER THEM AT THIS LOW PRICE

£1 POST FREE

BRAVINGTONS 271 KINGS CROSS N.1. (OPEN 9 P.M. ON SATURDAYS) CITY STORE: 71 LUDGATE HILL. E.C.4

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3

WORLD'S LOWEST PRICED 3 VALVE PORTABLE

READY FOR USE! £4·10·0

Self-contained. No aerial. No earth. COMPLETE with Loud Speaker, valves, batteries, etc. In polished Oak Case. **Guaranteed for 12 months.** £4 10 0 Cash, or £1 3 0 down and 11 monthly payments of 9/-.

Extra accessories later FREE to "John Bull" readers

WORLD'S WIRELESS (MANUFACTURERS) LTD., 500 HIGH ROAD, LEYTON, E.10

Trade enquiries invited.

THE NEW MUSICAL GRAZE 3/6

Everybody's playing the harmonica. The lovely tone of this selected model is truly remarkable. Real musical instrument as used by professionals. May be carried in pocket, yet as ordinary song and dance entertainment in a few hours with amazing ease. Double reeded tremolo toned Mouth-Organ of perfect quality, in attractive hinged box. Price 3/6 Post Free. Just the thing for winter evenings. Send to-day for one and surprise your friends with the latest dance tunes.

EDWARDS & JORDAN, 41 Charleville Rd., London, W.14.

AUTOMATIC

STROPPING MACHINE

MODEL "A" FOR GILLETTE TYPE. MODEL "B" FOR EVER-READY.

Accurately sharpens both edges at once. Simple, quick, perfect action. Highly nickel plated, fitted best leather strop. Saves you pounds and quickly pays for itself, as one blade definitely lasts for months, giving far easier shaves. No skill required. As sold at 7/6.

BARGAIN PRICE 2/- (post 4d.).

Tube of best Razor Paste for use on strop 6d. extra.

PENN'S HIGH-GRADE GILLETTE TYPE BLADES. 1/- per PACKET of 10.

Send "SAW" Fit., stating model (A or B) required, to:—

IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Wm. PENN (Dept. J.B.) 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19

BUY YOUR XMAS HAT DIRECT

Latest Snap Brim Shape with Narrow Binding

An Idea! Why not send your friend a hat with your Christmas Greetings this year? Send us his name, address & size with P.O. 7/6 and we will do the rest.

As sold by us throughout London. Silk Lined. Colours: Lt. Grey, Dove-Grey, Fawn, Brown, Black. State size and colour. Worth Double

Direct-to-You Price 7/6 Post free.

Satisfaction or Money Returned.

LEVINE BROS., *Hat Specialists*, 76, East Road, London, N.1. And Branches.

WHAT A GIFT!

Oak Combined BOOKCASE

and Receptacle for Newspapers & Magazines 11/6

No more untidy Books, Papers and Magazines. Here is a novel idea and the Bargain of Bargains! Finest OAK beautifully polished a rich Brown shade—expert workmanship. Size 24 in. high, 15 in. wide, 5in. deep. A real artistic furniture acquisition.

Only 11/6, full price. Carr. Paid in U.K. Send AT ONCE. Money back if not delighted. Direct from the maker

W. W. SNOWDEN (Dept. J.B.), Andrews Road, LONDON, E.8.

FREE TEASETS

For two days only we are giving away Handsome Fancy TEASETS to all "John Bull" readers who send for our 20 - Bedding Sale, which contains:

1 ALHAMBRA QUILT in beautiful colours and designs.
2 WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, warm and enduring.
2 Lancashire woven SHEETS.
2 Irish made PILLOW CASES.
1 Irish made BOLSTER CASE to match.
ALL FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE 20/- carr. paid with Free Teaset.

Satisfaction or money refunded.

KILBURN SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 28) 200, Cambridge Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.6

45/- SUIT for 19/6 OR OVERCOAT.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- Gent's suits or Overcoats for merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit or overcoat supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/- return it, and we will refund your 19/6, together with 1/- for your trouble in sending. The first two hundred applicants only will secure these Bargains. Don't send money now, but see what you buy.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self-measure form (mention which patterns wanted) to:

H. THOMAS & CO., Dept. J.B.3., 14, PITLAKE BRIDGE, WEST CROYDON, SURREY.

BRITISH FLOORCLOTH

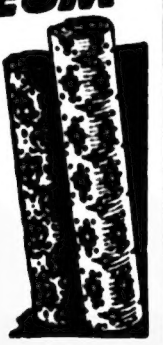
16 Sq. Yds. for 24/-

Hardwearing as Lino

As thick, highly finished and hard-wearing as linoleum. 16 sq. yds. (144 sq. ft.) for 24/-. Longer lengths 1/6 per sq. yd. extra. Send for free pattern book (28 designs) and sample. Full lists of Carpets, Rugs, etc., submitted on request.

GOULD BROTHERS, The "EVERYTHING FOR FLOORS" Warehouse, 3, Paradise Square, Sheffield.

THE NEW "FELBASOLEUM" FELT BASE FLOOR COVERING 90" 15/-



Suitable for all floors. Lies flat—requires no fastening. Large range of patterns to select from. FREE SAMPLES sent on receipt of postcard. Also Bordered Squares to lie down in one piece from 9/6 each.

J. ROLLS & CO., 86, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

VIVIAN'S SHEDS AND GARAGES.

We manufacture Sectional Buildings for every purpose. Our Art Catalogue will assist you in selecting the one you require. It's FREE.

WEATHERBOARD GARAGES from £8. ASBESTOS GARAGES from £8 10s., 10 ft. x 7 ft. x 6 ft. x 6 ft.

GARDEN SHEDS from £2 7s. 6d., 6 ft. x 4 ft. x 5 ft. x 6 ft.

BUNGALOWS, POULTRY HOUSES, ETC.

VIVIAN'S (Dept. J.B.), Staines Rd., HOUNSLOW. 'Phone: Hounslow 0068.

NEW HAIR NEXT WEEK

The Famous "WAVEX" ELECTRIC COMB

NOW 6D

LET GLORIOUS WAVY HAIR BE YOURS. BATTERY 3D EXTRA

A "Wavex" Electric Comb brings hair beauty and banishes all hair troubles—conquers baldness, stops falling hair, restores colour. It costs 6d. (battery 3d. extra) and saves expensive hairdresser's charges. "Wavex" Comb will be sent, complete under plain sealed cover, for 1/- post free from:—

WAVEX, 24, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2

BAGATELLE

ensures winter night pleasure for the family

Only 7/6 down—and the 6 ft. Riley Bagatelle Table is delivered to you, complete with all accessories ready for play. Pay the balance in 12 monthly instalments. Cash price £6 10s. Riley's pay carriage and take all transit risks. 7 days' Free Trial. Beside the 6 ft. model, two other sizes are available—7 ft. and 8 ft. Each folds away when not in use. Write to-day for list giving full particulars.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Write for details.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Lane Works, ACCRINGTON.

And at Dept. 18, 147, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.1.

Send Only 6D. for this Famous

LESTON WATCH

Highly tested cylinder movement. Chromium unburnishable case, real leather sewn strap. Luminous dial. Sent on approval on receipt of 6d. deposit and promise to pay 2/- on delivery and 3/- monthly until 17/6 is paid.

LADIES' MODEL in handsome presentation box with Black Moire Strap 6d. deposit and promise to pay 2/- on delivery and 3/- per month until 19/6 is paid.

FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

LESTON Bros., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 132, Newington Causeway, LONDON, S.E.1.

6! NOW

THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH" unrivalled for Quality and Excellence. Finest Value in the World.

10 Years' Warranty. Complete Approval.

GRAVES SUPREME VALUE. DUNLOP BALLOON TYRES. DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE. RENOLD CHAIN, HALF-INCH PITCH. Frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & lined for All Black if desired). LADIES' or GENT'S Model £4:10:0 cash price. Carriage Paid BARGAIN. 6/- with order, and 6/- Monthly.

Illustrated Post Free. A. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

RUPTURE

ASTOUNDING OFFER Single 10/6 Double 14/6

Do Your Own Repairs.

ELASTIC TRUSSES AND APPLIANCES

Any style or type.

The New "Compolastic" Air Pads, unpuncturable. Best quality Elastic Webbings and Spare Parts supplied for any kind of Elastic Truss. Money returned if not satisfied.

FREE TRUSSES for National Health Insured persons. Send for Illustrated Price List and measurement form.

C. A. MACBETH (J.B.7) 124, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, S.W.11 'Phone: Batt. 4247.

BLUE MELTON POLICE TROUSERS BREECHES

To advertise our 24 page catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer of a pair of guaranteed blue melton trousers for 7/6 or BREECHES with strappings 8/6 Postage on one or two pairs 9d. Over 40 in. waist, 1/- extra.

FAIR WEAR or a pair GIVEN FREE

C.O.D. if preferred.

Cut from surplus Melton overcoating and made up into heavy melton garments as tough as iron, and we guarantee to replace should they fail. Remember cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send today, stating waist measurement, and you receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

Now—DEFERRED TERMS for SANITARY COMFORT and Health for Every Home

For Homes without drains or water flush, Elsan INDOOR Chemical Closet gives the comfort and refinement of City Sanitation. What a Boon! Especially in Winter-time. Easy to fix—anywhere. GUARANTEED odourless, germ-free, faultless, and acceptable to your local Sanitary Authority.

INSTALLED with complete satisfaction on H.M. Estates WINDSOR and SANDRINGHAM; in over 30,000 Country Homes, Bungalows, Sports Pavilions, etc. Complete with all fitments and plans, carr. paid England and Wales, and 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, from £2.7.6

Or 7/6 first payment and monthly instalments of 7/6 cash.

For full details, cut out this Advt. and post with name and address to

BUILDING & DOMESTIC SUPPLY CO. LTD Dept. M, 101, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

CNE WEEK ONLY!

20/- free

To advertise this complete bale for 20/-

2 Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets, 90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips, 30 x 18
1 Bolster Case, 58 x 18
1 Lovely hand painted Bedspread 8/- x 6/-
All double bed size.

We are giving free of cost a 66 by 48 beautiful wadded

DOWNQUILT *Cash or C.O.D. Carriage free.*

If cash sent with order, we will also include a pair of Art. Silk Stockings.

Money back if not satisfied.

MANCHESTER TEXTILE CO. Dept. B.3, 110, Grosvenor St., MANCHESTER.

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book. Throwing a New Light on the Mystery of "Nerves." Offered Free to All Sufferers.

A Typical Testimonial: "Your treatment is wonderful. Life is worth living."

A remarkable book, "The Conquest of Fear" (recommended by Editor of "Health and Efficiency"), describing the cause and cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia and kindred nervous disorders, sent privately to sufferers for 5d. only. Send for a copy now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

HENRY J. RIVERS (J.B.75), 40, Lambs Conduit Street, LONDON, W.C.1

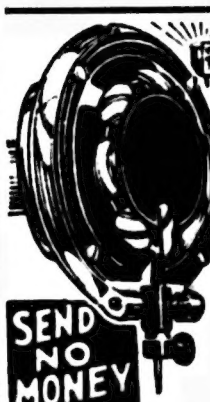
Shopkeepers!

Use this FREE Service.

Local trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in JOHN BULL'S "Shop Window." JOHN BULL is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written.

A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation and the service is quite free!

Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," 97, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



TRY THE WONDERFUL

LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDBOX

ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE

You can transform the cheapest, weakest instrument into a powerfully amplified and super-sweet-toned Gramophone, equal to the most expensive cabinet model. Amazing results. Send no money. Send postcard only. Approved customers pay after receiving soundbox.

2/- weekly (11 in all). OR 10/- CASH DOWN

State whether soundbox fits in or slips over the tone arm.

(F.) HAND & CO., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

"Now you know dear the doctor was right when he told you to—

. . . change to

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

-they're MADE SPECIALLY to prevent sore throats"

Craven "A" Smoking Mixture—blended for the smoker whose pipe is his friend. Flat Pocket Tins, 1 oz. 1/1 ; 2 oz. 2/2. Carreras Ltd., London

JOHN BULL,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Nov 29 1930. Twopence
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Those Lies about Ramsay

THE Prime Minister is shouldering heavy burdens of responsibility just now. And he is not aided in his task by mischievous reports that he is suffering from insomnia and is on the verge of a breakdown.

The truth is that Mr. MacDonald is standing up well to the enormous mental and physical strain of his work. A man less tough in constitution and self-reliance could not stand the racket.

* * *

The Imperial Conference followed the Naval parley, and now comes the Round Table Conference.

On top of that there is the worry of unemployment and the constant anxiety of governing with a minority in Parliament.

The Premier has more than good health. He has grit.

Racquet "racket"

There are going to be plenty of "fireworks" at the annual meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association on December 8

Lovers of the great game are so disgusted at the brazen "professionalism" of certain amateurs that they are determined to root it out before the sport is further degraded.

The L.T.A. is one of the least democratic bodies in the land, but there is power and punch behind the growing opposition. If necessary, the association will be shaken to its autocratic foundations.

Secret compacts with dealers, gifts of money, arrangements with advertisers, lavish entertainments—this is the racquet "racket" that has got to be stopped.

It is a stain on the name of amateur sport in Britain.

Suspended

The recommendation of the Select Committee on Capital Punishment to abolish hanging for five years as an experiment is a progressive move.

We agree with the idea of a test, just as we think the State should not kill unless it is absolutely necessary.

But there is an uneasy feeling that the use of firearms is spreading from America to this law-abiding country. That we will not have.

Should Parliament fail to authorise the suggested experiment, we trust that some counter-suggestion in the form of the grading of charges of murder in their proper degrees will be speedily brought forward.

Who cares?

In a few weeks' time the members of the Licensing Commission will be on the task of drawing up their reports. There will certainly be at least two—probably more.

One will advocate an extension of State control of the drink industry, with publicans, brewers and barmaids as Civil Servants, and another will plead for local option on a county basis.

It is quite probable that the reports will clash to such an extent that they will cancel each other out.

And who'll worry? The nation is far from thirsting for the recommendations of a commission which was in few ways representative of the mass of public opinion.

Letters by wire

The Post Office experts are studying closely a system of facsimile reproduction by telephoto of letters, photographs and pictures.

A public service of this system is now in operation between London, Berlin, Frankfort, Copenhagen, Vienna and other Continental cities and towns.

Attempts will eventually be made to introduce it into the postal service of this country.

"Do.X" and facts

Reports have appeared in the newspapers that Dr. Dornier is installing Rolls-Royce engines in the *Do.X* in place of the twelve American engines now fitted.

That is not the case.

It may interest our contemporaries to learn that Dr. Dornier did indeed approach the Rolls-Royce people, but they could not see eye to eye with him in the matter of payment.

He then installed British Jupiter engines in the *Do.X*, but finding that there was a possibility of raising money in the United States, he promptly scrapped the British engines in favour of American ones.

So that's that!

Give them justice

The Government must not forget to provide early facilities for passing into law the amending Workmen's Compensation Bill for which Mr. W. Lawther, M.P., has secured a second reading.

Fighting for the workers

The measure will remove an injustice causing great hardship to thousands of workmen who, partly recovered from their injuries, have been certified as being fit for "light labour" and have had their compensation reduced.

With two million able-bodied men unemployed there is little or no chance for the semi-invalid.

Mr. Lawther's Bill provides that where these men cannot obtain "light work" they shall be entitled to compensation in full.

That's only justice.

Fair's fair

Last week we commented on the silence in which the Duce's Press passed over the Italian exploits of Major Savage, the British smoke skywriting king.

Net Receipts of Tennis "Amateurs"—Playing Do.X and Drakes—Gutterature

Some of our Italian readers have been grieved by our remarks.

No flyer has ever received more generous praise throughout the Italian Press, they say, than the British flyer, Miss Spooner, on her recent attempt for the round-Italy trophy.

We are reminded also of the nation-wide sympathy shown by Italy after the *R101* disaster, and of the flying visit to London of General Balbo, the Italian Air Minister, in order to pay tribute to the *R101* dead.

We agree. No one can be more generous than the Duce when he feels like it.

Land O!

Now that Mr. Lloyd George has promised to co-operate, it seems almost certain that the Government will succeed in its ambition to get the Land Bill through before Christmas.

Tory opposition and obstruction will get short shrift in the House of Commons, and although the Tory Lords would like to oppose the measure in the Upper Chamber, they will receive a straight tip from their Party leaders to tread warily.

An election cry representing the Tory landlords as trying to keep the unemployed off the land would be damaging to a degree.

If the Bill goes through according to plan, it will be a matter of months only before the Government announces its willingness to receive applications for smallholdings and allotments.

Saving and safety

No naval, military, or air attachés will be appointed to the new Embassy at Moscow, although the Soviet maintains immense armed forces.

Mr. Henderson quotes economy as his motive. But he keeps military attachés in such countries as Holland and Denmark, the least warlike nations.

If we can safely be without the services of these expensive officials in armed Russia, why continue to maintain them in pacific countries?

First-class brains

It is the intention of the Government to pay salaries to the seven members of the proposed Consumers' Council.

This will mean a group of really first-class men and women, and avoid the possibility of a nondescript committee which might treat the Council's responsible work as a spare-time job.

The Council will thus become a really formidable body, capable of striking terror into the hearts of the profiteers.

Although the Bill to establish it will have a stormy passage through the Commons, consequent upon a Tory-Liberal offensive against some of the more drastic provisions, the clause dealing with profiteers is safe.

And that, after all, is what matters most.

He would be a good friend at the White House

John W. again

It is probable that Mr. John W. Davis will be resurrected as the Democratic candidate at the next American Presidential election

Mr. Davis was one of the most popular ambassadors ever sent to this country by the United States, and, at the conclusion of his period of office, he left behind him a host of friends in social and political circles.

"John W." was perhaps a little too pro-British for many across the Atlantic. Britain could wish for no greater friend at the White House.

Garbage and guesswork

Predictions that the vogue of the "scandal" book is nearing its end are far from the truth.

To our certain knowledge at least two publishers of repute have been providing "collaborators" and even "scenarios" for those who profess to have "revelations" of modern vice and scandal to sell

We welcome facts and are not afraid of the truth, but surely firms with a decent reputation to sustain should shudder to print filthy fancies.

Our fault again!

Sir William Waterlow, at the London Mansion House Police Court the other day, endorsed our demand for legislation to check the bogus industrial assurance society promoter.

In the dock was William John Howell, who was fined £50 and £52 costs, in connection with the General Benevolent Assurance Society, an unregistered bucket-shop which we brought to the attention of the authorities.

Howell told the court that the JOHN BULL exposure had smashed his precious society.

Great stuff, this gas!

Britain and other European countries are signatories to a treaty against the utilisation of poisonous gases in warfare.

All explain that their treaty obligations do not preclude experiments relating to *defence* against gas or any other chemical warfare.

Where there's a crooked will there's a crooked way.

"If You See It—"

—continued

Sir Karl has rendered invaluable service

A man of merit

A particularly bright spot in our foreign trade is the steady stream of shipbuilding orders that continue to flow in from Norway.

No fewer than forty-seven ships, aggregating well over a quarter of a million tons, have been ordered in this country—mostly from Tyne shipyards—on Norwegian account since 1920.

Thousands of workmen who have been kept busy laying down these vessels will be glad to know of the man who has been chiefly instrumental in attracting these contracts to England.

He is Sir Karl Knudsen. He has rendered invaluable services to his country—during and since the war—in fostering Anglo-Norwegian friendship and trade.

Price of heroism

We are, of course, glad that the widows of the men who served and died in *R101* have been granted adequate gratuities.

But was it only the widespread public attention centred on the catastrophe which melted the official heart?

We ask because we know that the widows of the men who died on Submarine *H47* in July last year have received very different treatment.

They have only their usual widow's pension of 10s. 6d. a week plus £2 1s. a quarter from the grants bestowed by the Royal Naval Benevolent Fund.

Why this discrepancy?

British is best

Both the Minister of Health and the Minister of Transport are striving to induce local authorities to use more and more British materials in house-building and road-construction.

The policy is already bearing fruit. In some cases British material of the very finest quality costs little more than the imported—and often inferior—article.

In one L.C.C. housing scheme the extra cost of building forty houses exclusively with materials of Empire origin was only £30.

But manufacturers must also help themselves. Too often they are lethargic and unenterprising. Hence trade is lost to British workers.

Working for work

The hardest work in Britain to-day is looking for a job!

There are slackers on the "dole" we know, but few of the general public really appreciate the heartbreak of the vain quest for employment.

Take the case of Mr. J. Rayner, a Middlesex reader. He sends us a pathetic diary of his own efforts.

During six weeks he wrote fifteen letters of application, had ten personal interviews, inserted three advertisements, scanned the columns of countless newspapers, called repeatedly at the employment exchange, and walked miles.

His patience and grit were eventually rewarded by an envelope-addressing job. It lasted four days.

England: 1930!

False promises

Those schoolmasters who founded the Army Educational Corps were coaxed to leave their civil posts on the understanding that they were to be offered permanent employment.

Now, after giving up the best years of their life, they are to be thrown on the scrap-heap.

The Royal Warrant also provided that trained and certificated teachers who joined the corps should be eligible for promotion as officers.

This promise has never been fulfilled, and now the provision is about to be definitely abolished.

This is *not* British.

The man who paid

Widespread indignation was caused by our exposure of the treatment of Mr. W. H. Fisher, of Plaistow.

Mr. Fisher was wrongfully arrested and imprisoned at the instance of the Oldham police, and, in consequence, he and his business have been ruined.

An action against the Oldham Corporation, as the employers of the police, failed, the judge ruling that the Home Office is the central police authority.

Now the Home Secretary has told Parliament that he does not intend to give any compensation.

And the Oldham Corporation has put poor Mr. Fisher in the bankruptcy court for £350 costs incurred in defending his claim.

As we expected

The special regulations framed for dealing with applications for pensions more than seven years after discharge from the Services are being interpreted in a narrow and grudging spirit.

Up to the end of September, 14,500 cases had been considered. But in only 780 were the applicants successful.

In most instances claims are decided by the medical advisers of the Ministry of Pensions on the strength of medical reports submitted to them.

The niggardly manner in which the Ministry persists in treating ex-Service men is a scandal which JOHN BULL will not allow the nation to forget.

It's mean

George Lemuel Morgan, of 94, Skinner Street, Chatham, while working in the Government's dockyard in his native town, contracted tuberculosis.

In accepting employment under the Government, Morgan came under a special compensation agreement which is administered by the Treasury.

These officials have refused all compensation by a very harsh interpretation of the terms of the Government's scheme.

If the technicalities cannot be overcome this is a clear case for a special payment on humanitarian grounds. It is not sound policy for the State to set a harsh example in such cases.

Who's to blame?

People who have been awarded old-age pensions in this country and have since gone to live in the Isle of Man are the victims of cruel official neglect.

These Darbys and Joans cannot draw their just due unless they travel to the mainland to cash the orders at intervals of not more than three months.

This means that they must spend six hours at sea on each of these occasions—and in bad weather the Irish Sea is a sore trial even to those who are young and healthy.

Surely the Treasury need not strangle these old folk with its red tape. Certainly Mr. Snowden does not know, or he would quickly end such petty tyranny.

Bright sparks

Once again we have to pass censure on the methods of electricity-supply companies demanding cash deposits from new consumers of current.

After two years' residence in a certain dwelling-place and two years' service from the company, a consumer asked for the return of his deposit.

He was told politely, but firmly, that the deposit would be retained so long as the supply continued. In other words, a permanent resident *never* gets his money back.

How many thousands of pounds of easy money has been obtained in this way, and how long is the scandal to be allowed to continue?

Bitter sweet

Messrs. Burton, Lawrence and Burton, distributors, importers and exporters, have an imposing title. But their place of business, 83-113, Euston Road, London, is much less impressive. It happens to be a market.

These people are described as holding the exclusive rights in this country for the best French perfume. If you wish to be employed by them the job's yours if you take up seventy-five shares at £1 each.

The paid-up capital of the company is £2.

ADAMSON: —His Friend's a Brick

Pity in the pits

We make no apology for renewing our appeal on behalf of the pit ponies. They are still suffering. And we are still protesting.

Some of these pathetic drudges do the deep-down work forty-eight hours without rest. They are forced through passages several feet lower than their height, their backs being rubbed to open soreness.

There are cases where the horses have their eyes knocked out. But they can do without eyes down there in the darkness! So long as they can work.

Have they no friend in high places? How much longer is this disgraceful scandal to continue?

All my eye!

Only a few weeks ago JOHN BULL warned its readers against risking the ruination of eyesight at the hands of quacks.

We imagine that we put a fair number of them out of business, but there are others ready to step into the breach.

Recently a canvassing campaign has been waged on behalf of the London and Provincial Optical Company, whose "head office" is at 445, Strand, London, W.C.

We agree with the company only in its assertion that your eyesight is a precious possession, and we can only renew our advice to readers not to purchase glasses without the advice of a qualified optician.

Mr. Clynes listens

The trade unions are utilising the Government's delay in bringing forward the Factory Bill to impress upon Mr. Clynes several aspects in which its clauses might be improved.

Mr. Clynes has listened patiently to their representations. He has sought the opinions of Home Office experts on the points raised.

One of the principal points urged by the unions is that something must be done to secure a more efficient system of boiler inspection.

Bartering babies

Something must be done at once to stop the shameful traffic in babies in Belfast?

Women who do not wish to undertake the responsibility for an unwanted baby stay at a temporary accommodation-address in Belfast go to the maternity department of the union, and then dispose of the child to foster-parents in return for a small sum.

Harrowing cases of neglect have been reported. Yet expectant mothers are still visiting Belfast from many parts of the United Kingdom.

Turf them out!

The National Turf Credit Federation, of Little Sussex Place, London, is at it again. More complaints from readers prove up to the hilt the "heads I win, tails you lose" tactics of the gentlemen behind this concern.

One client was actually told recently that he would not be paid his winnings because the man who had introduced him to the federation had not paid his losses!

All that we can do is to again warn our racing readers to place their bets elsewhere than here.

Just life

This is the sort of thing that makes the world go round.

Mrs. Ada E. Surtees, a widow of sixty-eight, who emigrated from Chatham twenty-five years ago, was living in poverty in Buffalo, U.S.A. She had barely a cent with which to bless herself.

Before she emigrated she had owned an antique business. Selling up before departure, she retained an old violin as a sentimental keepsake.

When poverty came in later years it lay forgotten in a corner. When the brokers called they discovered that the fiddle was a genuine Stradivarius.

Mrs. Surtees, from the proceeds of its sale, will spend the evening of her days in comfort.

Save the BLACK COATS!

by

GEORGE MIDDLETON, M.P.,

who, following his recent tour in Germany, utters a warning of national importance

DURING the past twelve months the Big Five banking interests in this country have installed some £50,000 worth of labour-saving accountancy machines.

Their purchase plans for the next two years will possibly amount to three or four times this sum.

That fact is a forerunner of a great change which will shortly take place in the vocational unemployment figures of this country.

That blessed word Rationalisation is the chief incidental factor in the situation. The action of the Big Banks has been preceded by scores of industrial and financial undertakings.

An immediate result is the creation of an entirely new unemployment problem. Work has to be found for the hosts of clerical staffs who will be permanently deprived by these new office robots of the counting-house employment for which they are trained.

Some of these machines are miracles of human ingenuity. There is one which can be operated by a girl and will carry out in a day as much work as could be completed by three or four trained book-keepers in three days.

Clerks on the "dole"

EVERY operation it completes is done with faultless accuracy. The human element is so far dispensed with that even if the girl operator makes a mistake in the elementary manipulations she has to carry out the machine will automatically lock until the error is corrected.

I have recently returned from an extensive tour of Germany, whence come many of the latest of these machines.

It is one of the ironical aspects of the situation in this country which we shall soon have to face that in Germany, the birthplace of this form of rationalisation by robots, there has been created a vast unemployment problem amongst the clerical class which she has so far been unable to solve.

Any effective measures against the growing unemployment figures have not yet been found. Three and a half million people are receiving the "dole" and there is no probability of an improvement in the near future.

Germany has a start on us in rationalisation schemes by some four or five years. This country is just embarking upon similar measures. Much of her unemployment is due to rationalisation schemes which had not been fully worked out, with consequent wide displacements of labour in various industries.

Over-thirty people

BUT the particular angle of the problem with which I deal here, the absorption of displaced clerical staffs, appears in Germany's recent unemployment figures, which show that out of that total the black-coat unemployed have quadrupled in four years.

If the figures are examined more closely a further extraordinary change in the unemployment balance is revealed. More and more workers of thirty and over are shown to be unemployed, and less young people.

The very young of just over school-leaving age are almost wholly employed, and female labour has increased astoundingly.

Of the three and a half million employees engaged on clerical and sales staffs, one and a half million are girls and women.

The reason both for the numbers and the type of the unemployed is not far to seek. Everywhere the machine is supplanting the man.

In offices everywhere the labour of countless hands and brains has been dispensed with and—this is important—such work as remains has been reduced to monotonous, simple, mechanical repetition.

Such work can be done more readily by the very young; a further point is that they are easier to handle, receive less pay and can be quickly trained.

Hence the demand for their services, and the lack of it for the man of thirty or forty and of mature years and intelligence.

The introduction of the machine into the office has led to other changes besides the mere simplification of individual tasks.

It has enabled methods of "scientific management" to be applied in the office as in the factory. One executive can control a dozen operations which were previously carried out by as many men, each of whom was used to relying on his own brains and initiative.

Such a technique known as the "belt" system is now being applied to office work.

It is already well known in modern manufacturing processes. The Ford car is built under the "belt" system. A whole manufacturing process is split into two hundred or more processes or "stations." With the aid of the machine a few executives can control the lot.

Skilled craftsmen safe

AT station No. 1 the job is started; at station No. 200 or so the completed car moves off under its own power. At all the stations in between the individual performs monotonous, repetitive work, and becomes in the end a machine like the matter he controls.

In England, locomotives at Crewe are now built like that. There has been a huge saving to the railway companies already by this method without adventitious aids like reduction of wages to the skilled craftsmen previously employed.

They have merely gone on, and found jobs elsewhere.

Great Britain has just commenced to carry out a far-reaching programme in many branches of industry and commerce. It is impossible to judge or even to see the forthcoming results of these measures in this country.

Some of them we are beginning to see and to guard against, such as to mitigate unemployment in certain industries by transferring artisans and craftsmen to another.

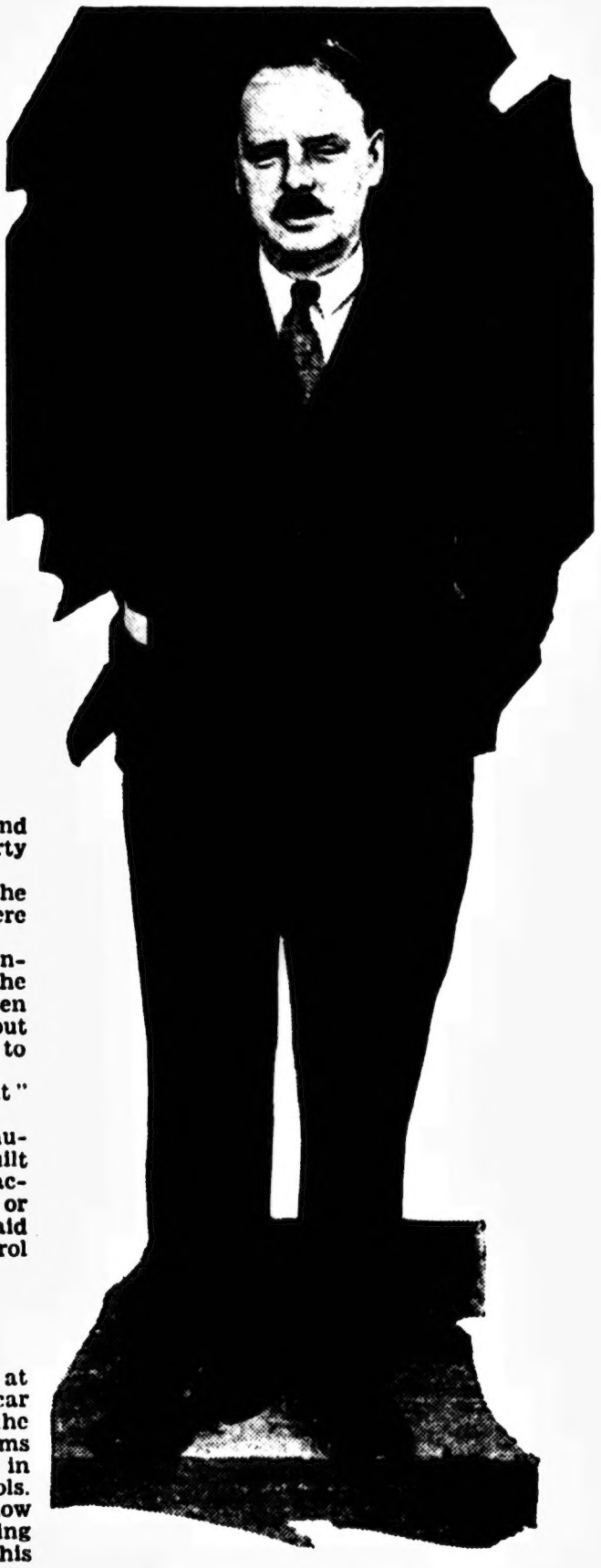
But the German experience of the last six years, during which similar methods were adopted, show startling consequences for the whole lower middle-class and the clerical worker in particular.

What exactly is his position at present? No more and no less than the simple fact that his income is now hardly more than that of the most ordinary factory labourer.

His position is just as insecure, but he has nevertheless to keep up the standards of respectability of his class.

Those who are still in employment, forced down on wage standards by the machine, spend far less on food than the labourer in order to have sufficient money for their larger outgoings on rent and clothes.

It is no exaggeration to state that a large number of them are in a state of semi-starvation.



"Black-coat unemployment in Germany has quadrupled" — Mr. George Middleton

How will this country face the similar situation which will arise here if rationalisation proceeds at the rate shown in Germany?

It means the virtual disappearance of an entire class, and to avoid tremendous hardships we might do well to profit by another country's experience and plan beforehand how to meet the problems.

Emphatic warning

IT behoves the Government, which has schemes afoot to absorb craft and trade workers, to remember the huge class of clerical workers who will also be sufferers in the first wave of rationalisation.

Whether by action in collaboration with employers, by trade tuition schemes, or other measures to slow down the falling of the axe, some definite course must be planned beforehand in the interests of a faithful worker and good citizen whose interests have not so far been considered.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

THE LARDER AND THE LOCK-UP

Rt. Hon. WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR GRAHAM,—I wish you the best of luck with the Consumers' Councils Bill, which is at present before the House.

Granted the success which all public-minded men must pray for, at last we shall have Food Councils with power to enforce their decisions; at last we shall have a *weapon* against the profiteer.

There is, in fact, no crime more loathsome than profiteering with the necessities of life, though its full enormity may be realised only by those who know what it means for the price of the loaf of bread to go up a penny.

When a couple of food-profiteers have gone to jail, things will look up.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Dr. C. ADDISON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR DR. ADDISON,—Good news for farmers and stockbreeders at last!

I hear that your department has been successful in carrying out a series of inoculation experiments as a result of which there are hopes that the ruinous scourge of foot-and-mouth disease will be completely overcome.

I trust that no time will be lost in making the serum available wherever infection threatens.

Also that the rough-and-ready expedient of slaughtering whole herds, discouraging to the farmers and terribly costly to the taxpayers who have to pay them compensation, will soon be abandoned for ever.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder of London

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—In view of my recent remarks on the menace to the community of the growing practice among criminals of carrying firearms, I am glad to note that you have imposed an exemplary sentence upon the leading light of a gang of car bandits, who was regarded as a dangerous gunman.

Ten years' penal servitude for the offence of possessing a firearm with intent to endanger life should make some of the hooligans who seem bent on emulating Scarface Al Capone and his myrmidons think twice.

Any possibility of an era of gunmen and graft in this country can be thus nipped in the bud from the Bench.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor T. M. SCOTT,
North Riding County Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You cannot keep silent about the type-written letter purporting to emanate from you, and calling upon the less well-paid officials on the staff of the council *individually* to ask that their salaries might be reduced.

The gesture might be, as the circular letter suggests, as magnificent as it would undoubtedly be silly—not to say treacherous to fellow-members of the staff.

But that a man who calls himself a friend of trade unionism should thus work for the destruction of the very basis of unionism seems to me inconceivable

Surely an enemy hath done this. In any case, speak out.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. SNOWDEN,
11, *Downing Street, London, S.W.*

DEAR MRS. SNOWDEN,—Everybody knows that you are a patron of the opera and of the arts in general, but that is no reason why you should induce your husband to spend the nation's money in a scheme for subsidising grand opera

You must be aware that a distinguished musician who attempted a few years ago to raise funds by subscription ignominously failed, thereby demonstrating that the public as a whole is not interested in grand opera.

If there is money to spare from wireless licences, induce your husband to spend it in free licences to hospitals, the blind, the helpless and the infirm.

JOHN BULL.

Captain M NEIL,
S.S. "Mauretania"

DEAR SKIPPER,—Those who know you will not be astonished at the seaman-like way in which you brought your fine ship to the rescue of the crew of the Swedish freighter *Ovidia* in a heavy sea, and got them aboard from the boats.

You will make little of it. That's your way. But it was a fine feat. And comparable with that of Captain Jones, of the *Highland Hope*, the same day, when he stuck by his ship in desperate circumstances to assist the salvage vessels.

But, by the by, skipper, you don't think much of wireless. It *did* give you the tip to make that grand rush to the rescue, didn't it?

JOHN BULL.

Colonel LINDBERGH,
New York, U.S.A.

DEAR LINDBERGH,—It did not need your emphatic denial to assure me that you have no intention of touring South America at the same time as the Prince of Wales in a sort of rivalry for popularity, as has been suggested by some newspapers in America.

I have no doubt that if you should chance to meet the Prince while he is over there the only result will be a warm handshake between the world's two most-admired men of the younger generation.

JOHN BULL.

The ARCHDUKE OTTO,
Sternockerzeel, Belgium

MY BOY,—Though only eighteen, you have now legally come of age, and your mother, the ex-Empress Zita, with her court of zealous intriguers, is flinging you into the fiery struggle for the Hungarian throne.

What can you do, poor lad? You are the merest pawn in the game.

There will be blood and misery. And for what? Is it worth while striving to revive the Hapsburg rule?

You must know, moreover, even at your age, that to-day only an iron man can hope to regain and wear the Iron Crown.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. GEORGE H. McNEAL,
Wesley's Chapel, City Rd., London, E.C.

REV. SIR,—Your outburst of burning indignation against the decision to convert a disused churchyard into a playground for children leaves me cold.

It is true that Charles Wesley, the famous hymn-writer, and his two sons,

Candid Communications

The Prince & Lindbergh —Baldwin's Quest for New Blood

Samuel and Charles, are buried th[ere] but I cannot believe, as has [been] stated, that your protest represents [the] sentiments of forty million Wesley[ans] in all parts of the world

The Wesleys would, to my mind, be the last to turn in their graves [at] the thought of children playing ab[out] the monument erected to them.

JOHN BULL

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Upper Brook Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—It is refreshing to h[ear] that you intend to infuse new [and] young blood into your next Cabi[net] —when and if.

Perhaps it is just as well that [the] old blood will be at the head of [affairs].

And I don't think the young blo[od]

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

G. M. GILLETT, M.P.: "Better [citi]zenship is by no means all that [is] required."

Right! We need better goals.

* * *

MARQUESS OF ZETLAND: "If a [girl] goes out into the world and tries [to] ape men too much she is bound [to] lose something intangible."

Why intangible?

will be particularly virile, if [we] choose them, as is suggested, fr[om] among the chairmen of the various Conservative committees which [sit] the House.

Try farther afield.

JOHN BULL

Mr. JACK HOBBS,
Playing Cricket in India

DEAR JACK,—I am no fanatical opponent of Sunday games for those who have no other time to play them.

I admire, however, your determination not to play cricket in India on Sunday because it would be contrary to your principles.

If cricketers of all races in India like to engage in Sunday matches that is their own affair.

A far nobler principle than to do as Rome does when you are in Rome is to do what you believe to be right wherever you are.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C. Sir Ralph Wedgwood, Chief General Manager, L.N.E.R., on—

FEEDING THE GUINEA-PIGS

TELL me not in mournful speeches
That the railways can't survive;
In this age of motor traction
They have still a chance to thrive.

Rail directors, say our critics,
Voicing still their parrot cries,
Have displayed a woeful lack of
Energy and enterprise.

Some foundation for such charges
There, perhaps, may once have been,
Or our undertakings would not
Now be in the soup-tureen.

But there is a good time coming!
We will make the railways pay—
If our servants will but help us
In a gentlemanly way.

Sacrifice, of course, is needed;
But there is no need for fuss,
Since our scheme for wage reductions
Will not inconvenience us!

As chairman of the General Managers' Conference, it has been my unpleasant duty to bring forward the scheme for cuts in wages and salaries.

But something simply had to be done, and the combined intellects of the eighty odd (some, admittedly, very odd) directors of the four leading companies could not devise anything more original.

The cuts we propose would mean a reduction of £11,000,000 in the wages of 625,000 men. But, after all, things might have been worse, since quite a number of railway workers and shirkers, including the aforementioned directors, will not be affected.

It has been suggested that if small wage-earners are to be deprived of 6s. a week the directors should forgo some portion of the sum of more than £100,000 a year they now receive.

But as the average annual recompense of a railway director for his arduous services is only between £1,200 and £1,500, it will be seen that this "scale" could not safely be reduced.

The fact that the Cables and Wireless Board recently effected reductions in the number and pay of directors which will save shareholders £35,000 a year is scarcely relevant.

Railway directors are in a different category: for many of them are old or ageing men who, at a time when "guinea pigs" are out of favour, could not easily obtain other positions suitable to their talents (if any).

A relatively young manual worker in receipt of 38s. a week is better able to sustain a little extra hardship than an ailing and enfeebled director whose training has unfitted him for other work, manual or mental.

The crisis is grave.
But with hearts that are brave,
The troubles around us, we'll bear e[ach]
And all steps we will take
Sacrifices to make—
As long as we haven't to share 'em!

Sad to say, there's no lack
Of crude critics who smack
At directors and rudely upbraid [them]
One point, though, they've missed,
On which we must insist—
What the railways to-day are, we [owe]
them!

Mr. John Bromley, the railwayman, between two great industrialists who want efficiency, good wages, and less politics—Sir Felix Pole and Sir William Morris (right)

The GREAT RAILWAY *Suicide*

by A. G. GARDINER

THE approach of Christmas was seldom heralded by such depressing omens as those which are with us this year. If the season is not wrecked on the Scylla of coal it may be engulfed in the Charybdis of the railways.

Indeed, it does not seem impossible that the country may experience the double event, and that the two major industries may be engulfed in civil war when the Christmas bells are sounding, a little ironically, their message of peace and good will over the land.

As the position stands at the moment of writing, there is a deadlock on the railways.

Is it war?

The South Wales coal-owners have refused to discuss a new agreement except on the basis of a reduction of wages to counterbalance the reduction of hours, and the men have declared that they will refuse to accept a cut.

The railway companies have issued their ultimatum, and everything points to its rejection by the men. There is a glimmer of hope in the declaration of the Miners' Executive that they do not want a strike.

Bonar Law once said that there had never been a war which was not the result of a failure of human wisdom. I daresay the same may be said of industrial war.

If we were all wise we should rule out war, which is always ruinous alike to victor and vanquished, and set out to find the best terms consistent with the merits of the controversy.

In this connection I think the methods of the railways in issuing their ultimatum were ill-advised.

No student of the railway position, of course, could have been unaware that something must happen; but the brusque and unprepared way in which the action was taken should have been avoided.

Why did not the companies try the expedient months ago of calling a conference with the men's delegates to consider the desperate situation that was developing, and to discuss what could be done on both sides to meet it?

That might have achieved nothing practical—though I think it would—but it would have created an atmosphere in which the facts could have been looked at calmly and with the sense that the problem was a common problem, calling for a common solution.

It would certainly have explained and lightened the blow when it came.

Again, why were not the "cuts" proposed made from the top downwards? Even Mussolini, in his drastic cut at wages in Italy, has observed this wise procedure. The Cable Company also has adopted this course.

Such a gesture would have softened feeling by its recognition that the interests of all concerned are the same, and that everybody, from the captain to the cabin-boy, is expected to "do his bit."

It is the more regrettable because the facts about the railways are such as to call for the most open and candid discussion.

The events of the war, the depression of trade—above all, the development of a new and powerful form of competition in the shape of motor-transport—have shaken the railway system of the country to its foundations.

More and more road-transport is encroaching upon the preserves of the railways—not merely in the matter of passenger traffic, but also in the matter of goods haulage.

Income is declining, and it will continue to decline. The fall in traffic this year alone amounts to £8,500,000.

On to bankruptcy

And with the decline of revenue there is the catastrophic decline in value. Shares which have been regarded as trustee securities—that is, practically as gilt-edged stock—have fallen to half their face-value.

This is not a mere misfortune to the shareholders. It is a national catastrophe, for it means that the assets of a hundred institutions—philanthropic, provident, insurance, friendly society—are wilting away, and that the resources of thrift accumulated in the past are vanishing.

Clearly on the present basis the railways are drifting to bankruptcy. We are in the presence of an industrial tragedy on an unprecedented scale, the repercussion of which will be felt in every sphere of industry, commerce and finance.

It is natural, and perhaps inevitable, that in the desperate plight in which they find themselves the companies should look for salvation in the direction of wages costs.

These are, of course, overwhelmingly the biggest element of expenditure, and according to the facts presented by the companies they have increased since 1913 from under fifty millions sterling to 116 millions sterling.

Fair question

This might have been borne on a rising trade. But it has fallen upon an industry whose trade has declined, is declining, and, so far as we can see, will continue to decline.

But we are entitled to ask whether wages alone offer the chance of salving the railway industry. We must dismiss nationalisation. That idea was popular once.

It was popular when the railways were prosperous and when their security was undoubted and trustees bought their stock as if it was as good as gold.

But no one would be disposed to-day to saddle the nation with an industry which has suffered such shattering blows, and whose future is so equivocal.

Guilty

For better or worse the companies must carry on, and the directors must explore every avenue out of the present Slough of Despond.

It is difficult to acquit them of a large share of responsibility for the lamentable failure that has come.

They may reasonably claim that they are the inheritors of the burden which the bad finance and wasteful management of the past have imposed on them, and that they have had the misfortune to hold power when a sensational invention and a new source of power restored traffic to the roads and made the railways more or less obsolete.

But they cannot escape the charge of having failed to meet the new challenge in a bold and enterprising spirit.

While they were without competition, their old, easy-going ways and their indifference to the needs of the public passed muster. The public complained, but it had no remedy.

The companies had the mentality of the monopolist and the vested interest. "Take it or leave it" was an attitude that they could safely adopt.

But it cannot be adopted to-day, when the monopoly has gone and the public has its choice of alternative services.

The companies have not realised this tremendous fact. They have not realised that if they are to live they must modernise their methods and their system, change their whole outlook and cater for the public as they never catered for it before.

If the railways are to be rehabilitated it is not enough to cut wages: there must be a great constructive statesmanship in the sphere of railway management.

Homely Wisdom—by CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Science and the Soul

SIR JAMES JEANS, the eminent astronomer, has excited world-wide interest by his recent lecture at Cambridge on "The Mysterious Universe." If I mistake not, that lecture will prove to be a landmark in the relations of science and religion.

For what is he telling us? Nothing less than that the world of worlds in which our world is but a speck is coming to appear to science as the work of a mighty thinker.

The science of fifty years ago looked upon the universe as a great machine that went by its own momentum regardless of the suffering it caused to living creatures that could feel and fear.

Leading scientific men of the day used to picture this planet of ours as a great slaughter-house in which Mother Nature perpetrated all manner of terrible cruelties without knowing it. In particular, the lot of humanity was described as being sad in the extreme.

• • •

Now in the name of science we are hearing this new note.

To-day, says Sir James Jeans, there is almost unanimous agreement on the physical side of science that the universe shows evidence of being designed and controlled by mind—a mind that works something like our own.

This is of great practical importance to every reader of these words; for if mind has created us, mind must care for us.

Sir James adds that science is not yet prepared to say that the mind at the back of everything feels as we do about the worth of goodness and beauty, or exhibits sure signs of sympathy with human struggle and stress.

Dean Inge and Sir Oliver Lodge differ from this view. The former says the beauty of the world is evidence that its Maker values beauty; and the latter says that a symphony and a sunset reveal God as an artist and a poet.

• • •

Another great astronomer, Professor Eddington, asks us to imagine what a visitor from a distant star would infer if he were present at the Two Minutes' Silence on Remembrance Day, and did not know what it meant to us. It would seem very mysterious to him, though in us it stirs deep and tender memories.

The key to the mystery of existence is rather to be sought in a fact like Remembrance Day than in any theory of the working of abstract laws.

I know a poor woman who goes out charing to keep a home going and provide comforts for her boy crippled by a disease for which there is no certain cure.

Do you think that mother grudges the cost to herself in toil and weariness? I do not believe she ever thinks of it. Pain to her would be joy if it could bring cheer and life to the one she loves.

If that does not explain the mystery of existence, nothing does. Behind the majestic pageantry of the starry heavens is the same infinite mind that in human life reveals itself as a compassionate heart.

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Startling Inquest Sequel

WHAT action does the Public Prosecutor propose to take regarding the death at a Brighton nursing-home of Mr. Hubert Ernest Booty, the forty-year-old accountant, of Finchley, London, N.?

We ask this question because of certain facts we have discovered about events which preceded the tragedy.

Sensational, but misleading, Press reports have suggested that Booty's death followed unfounded allegations he had made to his wife that he had been attacked and drugged by two unknown assailants whom he met in the lounge of a famous West End restaurant.

At the inquest, which was concluded last week at Brighton, the East Sussex coroner, Dr. E. F. Hoare, returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

Inspector Bowden, of the Hove Police, had declared during the proceedings that no information had come to hand concerning the identity of a man and woman with whom Booty was said to have been on the night before his death.

Since then all police enquiries have ceased. That is to say, the coroner's verdict has had the effect of closing the affair and leaving a sinister mystery unsolved.

This is neither right nor just.

Telephone threats

From our own discoveries we can exclusively reveal that Booty had been pursued by certain enemies for months, during which time he was known by business associates and others to have received numerous written and telephonic threats.

Though his enemies were not concerned with his actual death, they had followed a campaign of persecution which had reduced him to such a state of nervousness, fear and physical weakness that he was constitutionally unable to withstand an attack of pneumonia which later struck him down.

Mr. Booty was a brilliant man. A master of figures, he had occupied in earlier life a leading position with a firm of chartered accountants for more than twenty years.

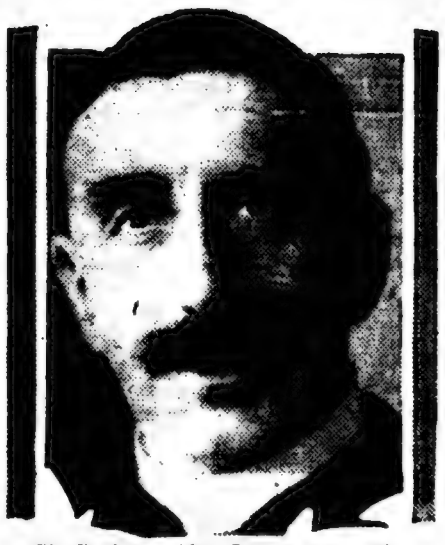
Then, launching out on his own account, he became senior partner of a firm of accountants in Bedford Row, London, W.C.

His reputation as an accountant was skilled in unravelling the most tangled financial problems, no matter how difficult or unsolvable they might appear, led to his services being constantly sought in company investigations.

He was fearless and conscientious in revealing anything to which he took exception, even at the risk of offending those who employed him.

It was only natural that he should make enemies, and amongst them was one man in particular, who repeatedly threatened him with violence in telephone-calls or anonymous letters.

Although Booty could never be sure of this man's identity, he had a shrewd suspicion who his persecutor was.



Sir Cecil Partridge, J.P., in whom Mr. Booty confided his secret troubles.

Then, a few days before his death, he was subjected to a most gruelling experience.

It so happened that he was interested in his professional capacity in the affairs of Kerr, Stuart and Co., Ltd., a famous firm of locomotive engineers.

It had been in a bad financial position for some time past, and was the subject of a compulsory winding-up petition before Mr. Justice Eve on the application of the Midland Bank.

This petition, made in May last, was later withdrawn on certain terms, but since Mr. Booty's death the company has gone into liquidation for £366,000.

Guard of C.I.D.

It was when he was about to attend a meeting of this company in the City that Mr. Booty received an ominous telephone-message.

A male voice informed him, in most determined tones, that if he attempted to proceed to the meeting he would be set upon and probably killed.

This message, following so many similar threats, was sent about two hours before the meeting.

But, knowing that he was in duty bound to attend the meeting in the interests of certain clients, Mr. Booty decided to take the risk.

He therefore got in touch with Scotland Yard, and requested that police officers be sent to see him at his Bedford Row office.

The C.I.D. officers who called in response to this request found Booty greatly agitated.

This was some days before the alleged drugging incident, remember, and cannot be refuted, since two plain-clothes men actually accompanied Booty to the meeting and remained by him throughout the proceedings in the capacity of secret escorts.

Now, it is a remarkable thing, but Mr. Booty first began to receive menacing letters and telephone-calls at a time when, in the interests of anxious shareholders, he was investigating the affairs of another concern —Dominion Gramophone Records, Ltd.

Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, C.B.E., who we feel sure will collaborate with his former fellow-directors in solving the identity of Mr. Booty's pursuers

The history of this company, as unearthed by Mr. Booty in his capacity of accountant, constitutes, as we shall show, a grave financial scandal.

At all stages of his investigation, especially when his discoveries were growing more grave, he was threatened with assault and foul play if he dared to make the truth known.

Foul play

It is clear that the secret persecutor had some intimate knowledge of the company's affairs.

Booty took the prudent step of confiding in the earliest stages with Sir Cecil Partridge, J.P., a business friend of his, and one of the present directors of Dominion Gramophone Records, Ltd.

It was, in fact, Sir Cecil who finally advised him to go to the police for protection.

What, then, can be said of Dominion Gramophone Records, Ltd.?

It was formed in March, 1928, with a nominal capital of £150,000 to acquire from an American company the right to manufacture certain records on this side of the Atlantic.

The first directors, in addition to Sir Cecil Partridge, J.P., were Mr. Gordon Ralph Hall Caine, C.B.E., ex-M.P.; Mr. Horace Brightman, of Luton, Beds, James Eben Macpherson, of 114, East Thirty-second Street, New York.

The promoter of the company was Mr. John Field, of the Majestic Hotel, Cannes, and The Ridgeway, Golders Green, London.

The Dominion company paid Mr. Field £15,000 for certain rights he obtained from a concern called the Cameo Record Corporation of America.

Mr. MacPherson was also the president of this American concern, and it is interesting to note that it sold to the Dominion Company machinery which the present directors have not regarded as suitable.

DON'T WAIT *for money —for money waits for you on p. 40. (But you'll have to wait for next week's big surprise!)*

Exclusive

The issued prospectus was full of optimism and promise.

The factory and recording-studios, it was claimed, would be bursting with song within three months; 5,000,000 records would be turned out yearly at a net profit of £60,000.

The £150,000 asked for was soon forthcoming, but at the end of the first year the company had a bank overdraft of £6,232, while, instead of a £60,000 profit, there was a trading loss of £29,575.

Growing worse

Yet, in spite of this, the shareholders were assured that all was well.

During the last three months of last year, after Mr. Booty's investigations showed the company's affairs to be growing worse instead of better, all the directors resigned, with the exception of Sir Cecil Partridge.

Mr. Booty was elected chairman, and a scheme of reconstruction was decided upon.

It was hopeless, however, and creditors began to invoke the aid of the court in endeavouring to obtain their money, and shareholders became increasingly restive.

When the winding-up order was finally made, Mr. Booty and his colleagues told Mr. Justice Eve that the company's disastrous position was due to serious mismanagement in the past for which the existing directors felt they should not be held responsible.

"Serious mismanagement!"

On whose part was this mismanagement? The question is one which demands an answer.

Extravagance—theft

Although the Official Receiver's investigations are in their infancy, he has already expressed the opinion that the company's failure was due to extravagance, unprofitable contracts, mismanagement and theft.

It is sad that Mr. Booty has not lived to see the fruits of his own investigations and labours.

That there was something very sinister in his persecution and that he suffered much at the hands of his hidden persecutors is evidenced in many ways.

That he was anxious and worried was apparent to his wife for months before the end came, but he never mentioned the persecution to her, and she attributed his anxiety to overwork.

Her first intimation of the truth came when she went to get some papers for her husband from his attaché-case and discovered one of the menacing letters.

Sane, but terrified

He then told her that the letter was one of many sent to intimidate him because he had discovered irregularities in a City firm, which might end seriously for certain people.

Those who have been misled by previously published reports to believe that Mr. Booty was suffering from hallucinations will now see that the issue he was facing was very real.

He may, as a result of sustained anxiety, have had a temporary "brainstorm" on the night he alleged he was drugged, but that his life had been repeatedly threatened in the months preceding his death cannot be disputed.

While it would be absurd to suggest that any of the gentlemen we have named had any connection whatever with the threats made to Mr. Booty, we certainly feel that they should give any assistance they can in elucidating the affairs of Dominion Records, Ltd., and in helping to bring the cowardly offenders to book.

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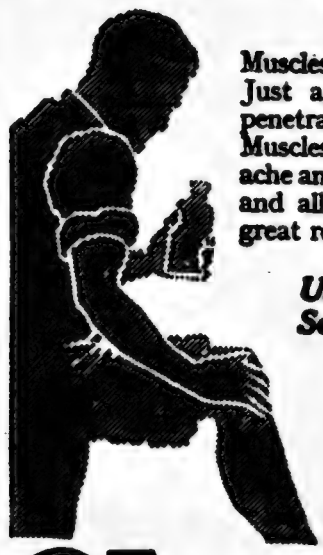

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It includes the following superb quality goods:

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A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design, beautifully finished. Size 64ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match, Size 20 x 64ins.

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The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with hem edged blades and beautiful ivory grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

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Chemists generally (including Boots, ... large stores) who do not hold stock gladly ... at a few days' notice.

SKIPPER'S WIDOW— *Tragic Story*

Aboard the "Islander" — Captain Lucas and the two bonnie babies he has left behind

THE public memory is short-lived. It is barely three months since the yacht *Islander* was dashed to pieces on the rocks in Lantiver Bay, Cornwall.

The tragedy then aroused a nation's sympathy; to-day it is all but forgotten.

There is one woman, though, who can never erase the unhappy memory from her mind, for she has not only suffered a terrible bereavement, but has been left to face a clouded future in most distressing circumstances.

She is Mrs. H. W. Lucas, the widow of the *Islander's* captain, who perished with all the other souls on that ill-fated yacht.

Snatched away

Captain Lucas was a young man—just thirty—a fine seaman, with a promising future as a yachting skipper.

Snatched away on the threshold of his career, he left his widow to face the world and fend alone for her two young children.

But for the fact that she has been able to make her home temporarily with a sister in Southsea, her plight might be terrible indeed.

As it is, she is face to face with a very difficult situation, and her future outlook is fraught with anxiety.

She is, in fact, quite penniless. The small sum awarded her under the Workmen's Compensation Act is held by the county court to be administered at its discretion.

But even if she were able to draw it in a lump sum, it would be totally inadequate for the most elementary needs of herself and her two fatherless girls.

And then there are numerous debts of her husband's to be cleared up, while miscellaneous expenses, for mourning and so on, were inevitably incurred as a sequel to the tragedy.

But, with commendable pluck, Mrs. Lucas has considered the possibility of obtaining a post as stewardess on a liner, even though it would mean parting from her dear children and sacrificing herself in loneliness for long months on end.

The only other alternative, that of obtaining some post ashore, holds little promise, since she is without training or resources of any kind.

From the very moment of her bereavement Mrs. Lucas seems to have been shown scant consideration.

As one of the chief sufferers in the disaster, since she lost her husband and the sole support for herself and her children, one would have thought that all her interests would have been duly respected by the authorities.

Will it be believed that she was not even informed that the Board of Trade enquiry was to take place—much less asked to be present or provided with legal representation?

Her first and only notification was a newspaper announcement which she happened to read by the purest chance.

"No funds"—no hearts

For reasons which must seem very puzzling to the layman, no relatives were admitted to the enquiry, and the Board of Trade's own barrister was the only legal representative present.

This extraordinary Court of Enquiry, indeed, was described by an official of the Board of Trade as a "purely routine matter."

Is human consideration and sympathy incompatible with officialdom? It would certainly seem so—particularly in the light of other disgraceful facts before us.

When Mrs. Lucas protested sadly that she should have been invited to attend the enquiry, she was officially informed that the department had no funds to defray any expenses should she have wished to be present.

"No funds." The phrase becomes mockingly ironical when we turn a sidelight upon another pathetic issue.

When this poor, bereaved widow sought to secure certain articles washed ashore from the wreck—pitiful little mementoes of happier days—she was bluntly informed that they could only be acquired if she were able to pay salvage-money for them!

Meanness, you will say, could scarcely be carried further. But you are mistaken. The Board of Trade, which had "no funds" to enable a poor widow to attend an enquiry of vital importance to her, would have pocketed a percentage of those same salvage receipts!

And what of the enquiry itself?

One of the conclusions arrived at was that the coastguard services provided were not adequate, and that this contributed to the delay in rendering effective assistance to the doomed persons on the yacht.

In plain words, there was nearly an hour's delay, and it was shown in evidence that if a lifeboat had been warned earlier it would have reached the *Islander* before she sank.

We would remind the public, too, that a coroner's jury at the inquest on the victims brought in a rider that laxity in placing of coast-watchers was evident.

A witness of great competence, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, stated that the service provided by the Board of Trade in coast-watching was insufficient and therefore inefficient.

The Board's duty

Yet, in the face of all these facts, the Board of Trade has disclaimed any liability towards the widow of the dead skipper.

The commissioner at the Court of Enquiry suggested the desirability of a more comprehensive investigation before a more appropriate tribunal.

We suggest that it is not only desirable, but imperative, and the Government should establish such a tribunal at once to enquire into the whole position of coast-watching.

Meanwhile, the Board of Trade, which has been shown in such an unfavourable light, still has time to redeem its reputation by rendering the assistance to this tragic widow and her children that is undoubtedly their due.

"Left to face a clouded future" —Mrs. Lucas

The JOINT-STOCK *Family*

HOW our £600 Crossword Puzzle Prize came to be won by Mr. W. Pattle, living at 29, Cobden Street, Gosport, Hants, is a story of patience and undaunted effort on the part of a whole family.

Indeed, Mr. Pattle told our representative it was a "family adventure, in which mother and the three boys pulled their weight." Even the youngest son, a Gosport schoolboy, "found a word."

Mr. Pattle is employed by the local brewery as an assistant engineer on one of the big steam waggons; he has held his job with the same firm for over twenty-eight years.

He and his family have been trying competitions for many years, and are regular triers in "Bullets."

"You've no idea how hard we have tried to win a prize," said Mr. Pattle. "Mother and the three boys helped, and during the past two years we have tried every week to win a Crossword.

"We've dreamed of winning a prize, and now it's come true.

* * *

"It was great fun, especially when there was some good-natured dispute over the word, and then mother would help decide.

"My sailor son is engaged to be married, so we have decided to share the prize with him to give the young folk a good start to make a home."

Mrs. Pattle was particularly happy over the great news, for it came on her birthday, and on their silver wedding-day—a good double!

As JOHN BULL's representative left the happy family, Mr. Pattle exclaimed: "We hope you come again soon, for we're going to keep on trying for another prize!"

* * *

This week's puzzle is on page 40 (and look out next week for a big surprise!)

A TRANSFER TWISTER

SOME time ago a West Ealing, London, reader, whose husband's earning capacity had diminished following a cycling accident, began to look about for some means of augmenting the family income.

Having saved a little capital, she was attracted by an advertisement offering a tobacconist's business for sale.

She thus got in touch with a firm of business-transfer agents known as Thomas Bell and Sons, of Glenthall Road, Hammersmith, London, W.

Following an interview with Thomas Harries of this firm, she paid £135 in respect of the purchase of a business in King's Road, Hammersmith.

Weeks passed, during which Thomas Harries pretended to be negotiating with the owner of the business.

But when our reader communicated with the owner, she learnt to her amazement that this person had never received any money whatever from Thomas Bell and Sons in respect of the supposed purchase.

* * *

When this point was raised with the company, an appointment was arranged for vendor and purchaser to meet Thomas Harries at the office.

They duly kept the appointment, but Harries did not turn up. Nor was he to be found on subsequent occasions.

Then another curious thing was revealed.

The owner of the business which our reader was to have purchased explained that she had been solicited by Thomas Bell and Sons with a view to appointing them as agents in the transaction, and had agreed to accept the sum of £110 for the business.

Thus it will be seen that the agents had added £25 to the proper price quite on their own initiative.

* * *

A day or so later Harries called upon the West Ealing woman and induced her to accept a refund of £40 of her money, with a promise to refund the balance in instalments *providing no action was taken against him.*

But as no further payment has been made in respect of the balance of £95 that is owing to our reader, we think a few words of comment are called for.

Thomas Bell and Sons is simply the business name of Thomas Harries himself, which he has omitted to register at Somerset House.

His real name is Thomas David Harris, and he has been engaged in more than one venture about which complaints have reached the police.

Only a year or two ago, when he was trading as Pye and Co., at Lavender Hill, London, S.W., he was sentenced to two concurrent periods of six months' hard labour for fraud.

It will be seen, therefore, that he has poor qualification to act in the capacity of business-transfer agent.

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INHALANT

Cures Colds safely

Simply put a drop on your handkerchief. Breathe the vapour—and that is all! No treatment could be simpler, safer or more effective. "Vapex" goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the dark, warm passages of nose and throat. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists
2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

V.53

PILES The agony of Piles is quickly ended by the use of the wonderful salve, Man Zan. In tubes, price 3/-, with special applicator, from all chemists or direct (in plain wrapper) from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A.10), Croydon.

MAN ZAN

GRAVES SCREENED GRID '3'

Wireless at its best

The Graves Screened Grid 3-Valve Set is a triumph of Wireless Engineering skill. It has an abundance of Power, and is both beautiful to look upon & a pleasure to hear

15/- NOW

THIS is a set of remarkable selectivity, very selective and far-reaching, and really wonderful value for money. It is of the highest quality throughout, every component being thoroughly dependable and the best of its class. Handsome Oak Cabinet which has a beautiful wax finish, and Oak Cabinet Loud Speaker to match. Black Bak'lite front panel with slow motion dials. Range Switch for Long and Medium Wave Lengths—no coils to change. All internal parts easily accessible. Supplied complete with all accessories ready for installation Royalties and Carriage charges paid **£12:10:0**

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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SPECIAL BIRTHDAY OFFERS

To mark my **FORTIETH TRADING YEAR**, I shall give a BIRTHDAY ALBUM of RECORDS and NEEDLES to every reader who orders a Gramophone, which I send on **14 DAYS' APPROVAL PACKED FREE**, and **CARRIAGE PAID, DELIVERY BY RETURN.**

Write for my **FREE ART CATALOGUE** and see the wonderful offers of all kinds of instruments. Cash or Easy Terms.

Edwd. O'Brien Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, 34 COVENTRY.

£650

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 89.

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from the following four competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £150 will be despatched

E. BURKILL, North View, Hoe Lane, Peaslake, Surrey; Mrs. A. MATTHEWS, Finghams, King's Lynn, Norfolk; M. O'DEA, 8, Dover Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, M/c.; Mrs. OLNEY, 8, Erewash Street, Pye Bridge, Nr. Alfreton, Derbys.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 50 competitors, who divide the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 :—

Allan, R., 12, Double Row, Bates Cotts., Seaton Delaval, North'ld; Bennett, J., 13, Friendship Av., Gorton, Manchester; Bird, Miss F. L., 33, Saville St., Dalton Brook, Nr. Rotherham; Blason, Mrs. C., 83, Gwendoline St., Windsor St., Liverpool; Booth, J. A., 31, Hope Street, Coventry; Buick, Mrs. M., 17, Locarno Rd., Copnor, Portsmouth; Bury, Mrs. M., 15, Charles St., Blackburn; Burton, C., 21, Midland St., Norwich; Calvert, Mrs., 34, Wade St., Halifax; Cornish, Mrs., 9, Eliot St., Weston Hill Estate, Devonport, Plymouth; Coupe, C., High St., East Markham, Nr. Newark, Notts; Cox, A. E., 79, Glengall Rd., Millwall, E.14; Davies, W., 22, Machell Rd., S.E.15; Field, A. T., 6, High View Road, Farnborough, Hants; Fishwick, M., 5, Deakin Street, Lower Ince, Nr. Wigan; Glasby, E. W., 15, Honeywell Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.11; Harrison, Mrs. F., 10, St. Johns Park, Blackheath, S.E.3; Harrison, F., 44, Ackers St., C.-on-M., Manchester; Henwood, C., 5, The Avenue, Bentley, Doncaster; Hollins, W., 10, Elliott St., Newcastle, Staffs; Holmes, T., 6, Hilton Rd., Newton Abbot, Devon; Jones, M., 116, Brunswick St., Nelson, Lancs.; Jones, W., Plasynaddol, Bala, Merioneth; Land, Miss W., 87, Bessboro Rd., Harrow-on-Hill; Livesey, R., 78, Chapel Street, Bolton; Lloyd, Mrs. F., 17, Vine Terr., East Fairweather Green, Bradford; Killick, Mrs. M. M., 18, Queens Park Rd., Brighton, Sussex; May, Miss L., 1, Winchester Rd., Newtown, Bishops Waltham, Hants; Mayor, Mrs., 20, Hollin Park Rd., Roundhay, Leeds; Mayshart, H., 30 Vale Avenue, Norwich; Melksham, Mrs., 5, Chapel Row, Bathampton, Nr. Bath; Metcalf, Mrs., 2, Werneth Av., Hyde, Cheshire; Morrison, D., 22, Main St., Newhaven, Leith, N.B.; Murphy, Is., 75, Queens Crescent, Wallsend-on-Tyne; Neame, M., 40, Old Rd., Crayford, Kent; Ratcliffe, M. E., 12, Beaconsfield St., Nelson, Lancs.; Ring, T. E., 345, Shalesmoor, Sheffield; Roberts, A. J., 120, Whitacre Rd., Bordesley Green, Birmingham; Robertson, Wm., 14, Carrick Drive, Glasgow, S.2; Robinson, A., 1, South View, Windlestone, Ferryhill, Co. Durham; Rumbelow, Mrs. J. E., Queens Rd., Fakenham, Norfolk; Sievier, H. F., 23, Gribble Rd., Faraker'ey, Liverpool; Stokoe, Mrs. S. R., 57, South Hill Rd., Gateshead; Strong, S., 37, Brampton St., Tiverton, Devon; Taylor, H., 71, Rynder St., Denton; Turnbull, Mrs. W., 37, Stephenson St., Middlesbrough; Walker, R. A., 4, Blackett Street, Putney, S.W.15; Walton, Mrs. S., 44, Church St., Burnley, Lancs.; Watson, Miss E., 47, Rochdale Rd., King Cross, Halifax, Yorks; Williams, F. E., 166, Church Rd., Manor Park, E.12.

Another £650 Cash—also Christmas Turkeys and Cakes—offered for Crossword a this week. See page 46.

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REDUCED TO ONLY 15/-

GENUINE LEVER WRIST WATCH
WITH WIDE SEWN STRAP and SAFETY GUARDED GLASS, DIAL AND HANDS.

This is the very latest style in Gents.' Keyless Wrist Watch with a fine quality lever movement & all the latest improvements, including the **NEW SAFETY GLASS GUARD** of neat and attractive design. Wide sewn solid leather Strap, clear Dial, a perfect timekeeper. Every Watch carefully tested and fully guaranteed. A bargain which can neither be equalled nor repeated.

Write now, a postcard will do, and we will send this splendid Watch on **7 DAYS' APPROVAL.** After receipt you send 2/- and 1/- or more weekly until only **16/-** is paid. Cash with order or within 7 days, **15/-** only.

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Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

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Put an ALLCOCKS PLASTER

on the pain!

Nothing much to look at—a brown plaster with holes in it. But what a tremendous relief it gives! Much more than liniments and mixtures—because it is on the job all the time, hour after hour, day after day.
Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds cannot stand against its persistent power of penetration

1/3d. from Boots, Taylor's and all chemists.

See the name ALLCOCKS don't expect imitations to remove the pain

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Dear Sirs,
Please send me, free and post free in envelope, a copy of Nurse Bishop's "Woman's Life Made Easier."

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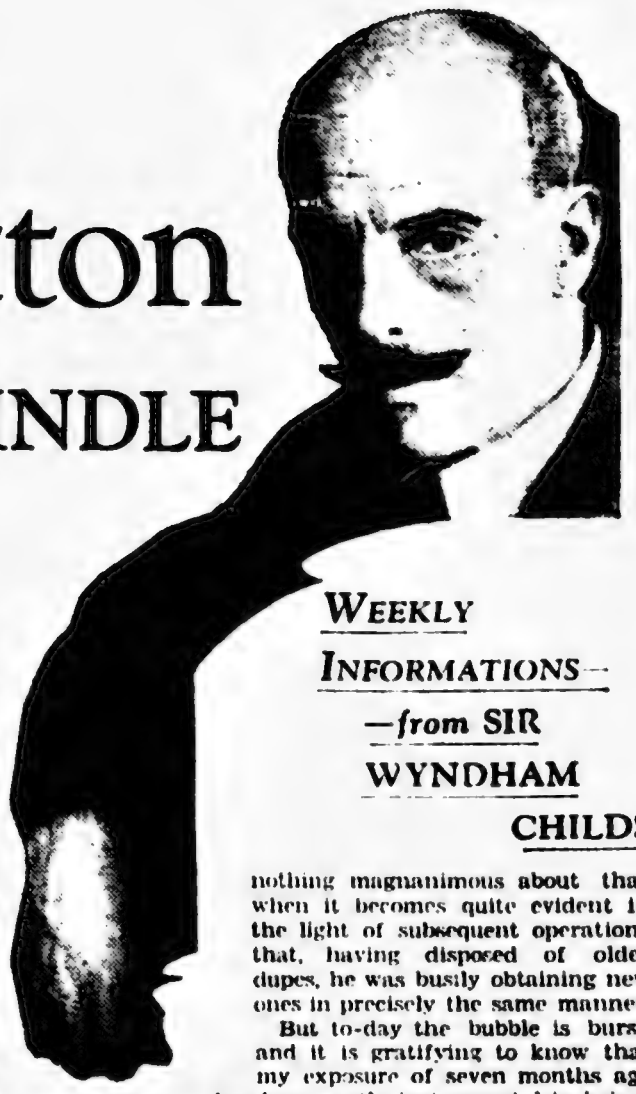


WEEKLY INFORMATIONS—*from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

WHEN I referred last spring to an undesirable firm of business-transfer agents named Price, Davies and Co., the principals of which have now been convicted, I dealt, amongst other things, with the affairs of a Dr. Charles Hedley-Thornton.

He was a prime mover in a concern called the English Artificial Cotton Production and Marketing Corporation, Ltd., which was supposed to possess a remarkable process for producing cotton substitute.

Great prospects were held out, and the dishonest transfer-agents alluded to were entrusted with the task of ensnaring investors, who were offered employment in one or other of Dr. Hedley-Thornton's offices.

Discovering that the so-called cotton substitute was a common weed and was frowned upon by experts, and that the doctor's private finances were none too sound, I advised my readers to leave the scheme alone.

Subsequent developments have fully vindicated my action, and move me to comment further upon the doctor's dubious operations.

Huge sums of money have reached him, I fear, while one of his dupes, his entire savings gone, has been driven almost to suicide.

I may as well say at once that the name "Dr. Charles Jerome Hedley-Thornton" is not his real one.

He was christened as Charles Jerome McGowan, and I shall later enlighten my readers regarding his motive for changing it.

Far-flung fairy-tales

For the moment let me say that he has concocted entirely false stories in order to impress investors, whom he has sought in Ireland, France, Spain, Canada and the United States, as well as here in London.

One of his victims here is a middle-aged man, with an invalid wife whose only chance of recovery is permanent removal to a country home.

For years he has struggled as an hotel waiter, saving all the time with a view of retiring to a little country hotel of his own, where he could give his wife the desired change.

This man knew Dr. Hedley-Thornton as a customer at the hotel, and understood him to be a prosperous business man.

When he one day unbosomed himself regarding his private troubles and aspirations, the doctor proved most sympathetic.

Invalid robbed

He offered to take the waiter and his invalid wife for a long country drive in his Rolls-Royce, and upon this offer being accepted, insisted that they should also be his guests for luncheon.

During the repast and the subsequent drive, Dr. Hedley-Thornton professed a kindly interest in the couple's future plans.

Ascertaining that the man had £500 saved towards the realisation of their dreams, the doctor generously placed a "wonderful opportunity" before him.

The outcome was that the waiter drew his savings from the bank and handed them over to his self-appointed benefactor for investment in Anglo East African Cotton shares.

To-day this poor man is penniless. His nest-egg is gone, and there is small chance of its recovery.

This means that at the age of forty-three he has to start saving all over again, while his hope of removing his ailing wife to the country is as remote as ever.

All he has to show is an unfulfilled High Court judgment for £527 10s., which his solicitors obtained for him some months ago in an action alleging misrepresentation, a charge which the philanthropic doctor did not choose to face.

Although the waiter's case is the saddest I have met, there are other victims, drawn from all ranks of society, who have lost far more heavily so far as actual cash is concerned.

Among them are parents who parted with money in the belief that they were thus securing permanent careers for their boys.

Individual amounts involved range from £750 upwards to as much as £2,500.

In some of the earlier cases Dr. Hedley-Thornton made certain refunds to his dupes, but there was nothing magnanimous about that when it becomes quite evident in the light of subsequent operations that, having disposed of older dupes, he was busily obtaining new ones in precisely the same manner.

But to-day the bubble is burst, and it is gratifying to know that my exposure of seven months ago has been partly instrumental in bringing this about.

Certain victims have now combined to force the doctor into bankruptcy, though he avoided this issue for some time by telling a number of his victims that he was bringing a libel action against this journal.

Of course, the assertion was another impudent lie. Neither the proprietors of this journal nor myself have heard a word from him following my earlier comments. He has maintained a discreet silence.

As I predicted—

Although liabilities already disclosed amount to £33,831, Dr. Hedley-Thornton contents himself by attributing his failure to his inability to turn his artificial cotton into a financial success.

This is surely a sorry admission to make after all the confident prophecies he has voiced.

He even has the temerity to admit that his precious "substitute" has been manufactured "only in experimental quantities."

This astounds me when I think of all the duped investors who were led to believe, by officials of Price, Davies and Co., that manufacture was proceeding and that the output was booked up for the next ten years.

It was also claimed that negotiations had been opened in Canada, Spain, Egypt and the United States.

The whole thing, as I predicted, has proved a shameful fiasco, and in view of the enormous sums which have been wrung from investors by dubious means, I urge the bankruptcy officials to take into account every phase of the perpetrator's career.

The reason why

In conclusion, it only remains to explain why Charles Jerome McGowan chose so suddenly to blossom forth as "Dr. Charles Jerome Hedley-Thornton, Private Analytical and Research Chemist."

The truth is that he had previously been in serious financial difficulties and was known to the police in his own name as a hardened company-promoter.

HARMED *by* RED-TAPE HELP

WE have seen some sorry examples of official bungling, but the Hamilton, Scotland, Employment Exchange authorities provide one of the most tragic cases we have encountered for many a day.

Some months ago this branch of the Ministry of Labour nobly offered to put an unemployed miner, named Henry O'Donnell, on the right road to success.

In its own words, it arranged for him to attend the Transfer Instructional Centre at Blackpool for the purpose of undergoing a course of instruction to enlarge his opportunities of obtaining employment.

O'Donnell was a little bit diffident about accepting this offer, because it meant that he would have to abandon certain spare-time employment with a big insurance company which he had obtained on his own initiative.

But it was made clear to him that a refusal of the opportunity which was being offered him would render him liable to be disqualified for unemployment benefit.

He decided to place his trust in the authorities and proceeded to Blackpool.

Printed matter with which he was supplied did much to raise his hopes.

The theory advanced in the Ministry of Labour's circular letter T.I.C.2 (General) sounds most praiseworthy.

"The centres," he read, "provide a course of instruction for not more than twelve weeks in such work as preparation of sites, clearing land, felling trees, road-making and similar work, with some indoor instruction in the use of tools, etc.

"They are designed to qualify men who have been unemployed for some time for normal industrial employment."

"A real chance"

This same circular gives the assurance that men who attend the centre will be helped by the Ministry of Labour to find employment, either during or after the course.

"Through this course," it concludes, "the Government offers you a real chance to get back to regular work."

Alas! for the hopes of Henry O'Donnell.

He arrived in Blackpool, and after an education test, was set to work in the office there as a clerk.

At the end of the "training course" he was sent home with a splendid character, *but no job.*

Worse than ever

One explanation that has been offered to him is that he was not considered suitable for "pick and shovel" work.

Yet he is, as we say, an ex-miner, and was officially classified at Blackpool as a "heavyweight."

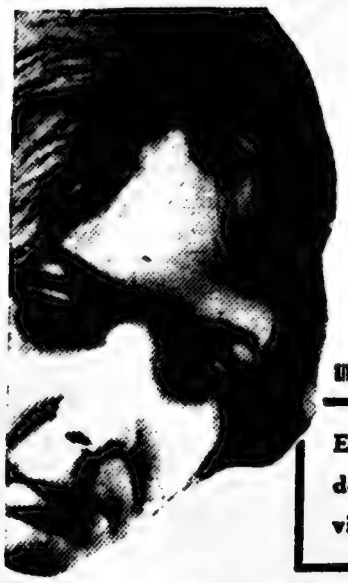
In any case, the question of his suitability should surely have been settled before he was despatched so far from his home.

To avail himself of the training and the promise of regular work O'Donnell sacrificed a spare-time job.

He now has nothing, and officialdom, through its blundering, has put this unfortunate fellow in a worse plight than when it offered him a "real chance."

RUN DOWN, ANÆMIC?

YOU SIMPLY NEED Dr. CASSELL'S TABLETS



CHASE that droop from your lips, banish those frowning lines from your forehead; it's just a really good tonic you need to restore your lost energy for work and play. There's no tonic like Dr. Cassell's Tablets; temporary pain-killers are likely to do more harm than good; it calls for a sane, scientific remedy to bring back lasting good health. Put your faith in Dr. Cassell's—theirs is the commonsense way to cheerful vigour and buoyant fitness. Their 19 special ingredients act on the whole system—strengthening digestion, improving appetite, soothing and revitalising jaded nerves, enriching and purifying the blood-stream which carries new life all over the body. Only so complete a treatment can ensure lasting results—get a box of 'Cassell's' to-day and see how soon life regains its zest.

Exchange that dreary despondency to alert, vigorous health.

Start on Dr. Cassell's Tablets to-day and quickly banish:—

HEADACHES
NEURITIS
KIDNEY WEAKNESS
BREAKDOWN
ANÆMIA
NEURALGIA
INDIGESTION
FLATULENCE
STOMACH TROUBLES and all NERVE PAINS

RESULTS THAT PROVE THE POWER OF THIS FAMOUS TONIC

ABSOLUTELY RUN DOWN

"I was absolutely run down; lost my appetite and felt really ill. I could not think what to take to strengthen my nerves. Then a friend told me about Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I was tired of trying different medicines, but promised to give them just a trial. What a promise! I feel quite a different woman after only six weeks' treatment." Mrs. Smith, 11, Caxton Road, Wood Green.

HEADACHES BANISHED; RUN-DOWN NERVES RESTORED

"For two years I have suffered from severe headaches and my nerves have been completely run down. I had tried several remedies without success, when the chemist recommended Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The first bottle brought relief." Miss L. Gough, Manor Park.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 and 3/- 1/3 size contains 36 Tablets.

GUARANTEE
The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. THEY CONTAIN 19 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS and may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation.

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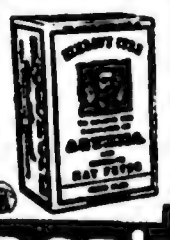
Instant Relief for all Skin Sufferers

You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible itch or skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. Dennis has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for Skin Diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, M.N.22, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.



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danger—kill it!

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Wipes out Rats and Mice.

Rats carry disease germs. The safest *effective* method of rat destruction is the Liverpool Virus way. Harmless to children and domestic animals. The vermin die outdoors.

Sold in tins (ready baited) and liquid in bottles, by all Chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.

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Eczema On Hands So Could Not Work Cuticura Healed

"My hands were affected with eczema. They first became very hot and then a red rash appeared. Later it turned into little blisters which broke and left wet, sore eruptions. The pain and irritation nearly drove me mad. I was not able to do my work. I suffered with it for six months.

"I was advised to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I followed directions and could see that the eruptions were healing up. I purchased more and after using them for one month my hands were healed." (Signed) Miss F. Watson, 34, Southcote Rd., Walthamstow, London, E. 17, Eng.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Cuticura Talcum is unexcelled in purity.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-hse. Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

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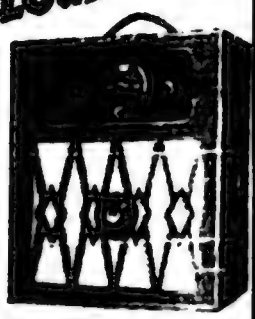

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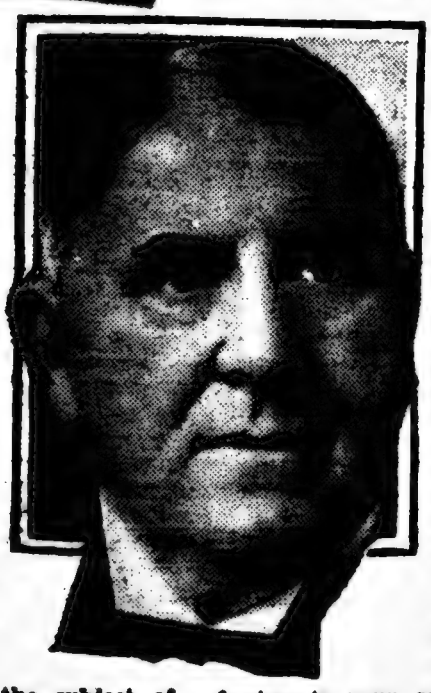
L. & J. FABIAN, 74, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Please send me FREE 25 bonus Coupons with list of gifts and application form for the immediate supply of either the Gholiophone Gramophone or "Demon" Super 5-Valve Portable before collecting coupons. I enclose one Navy Club empty carton

DASTARDLY SECRET CURE QUACKERY

by E. Roffe Thompson



Bitter enemies of the cancer quack: "The main feature of his trade is that his remedy is a secret one," says Sir George Newman. Right: Lord Moynihan, President of the Royal College of Surgeons

ONE of the real mystery diseases of civilisation is cancer. It has been the subject of observation from time immemorial, but it remains a considerable mystery despite all the research work that has been lavished on it.

That it must be taken seriously by anyone who cares anything for public health is evident, for among the principal "killing diseases" that afflict mankind it ranks third.

It accounts for 10.7 per cent. of the total number of deaths.

Last year cancer killed 56,896 people, a death-rate of 1,437 per million persons.

It is a record figure, and it is a melancholy fact that in the last forty years the death-rate from cancer has roughly doubled.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the fear of cancer is very real in the minds of countless people; and it is perhaps no more surprising that quacks and charlatans have fastened on cancer as a rich field for the exploitation of the unwary.

"Of all the people alive on this globe to-day," said a famous doctor recently, "more than one hundred million are doomed to die of cancer, unless some new plan of prevention and cure is introduced."

It is this "new plan" that the charlatan is always offering the terror-stricken public, and no more cruel fraud was ever practised.

For soul-shattering disappointment, if not actual harm, is all that the confiding sufferer gets for his money.

"Mum"

"Experience shows the professed 'cancer curer,'" said Sir George Newman in a recent report, "to be rather reserved, not too anxious as a rule to obtrude himself or to submit his methods to the scrutiny of an investigatory committee.

"The main feature of his trade is that his remedy is a secret one, known only to himself, the most scrupulous precautions sometimes being taken to observe that secrecy."

I once had occasion to investigate one of these "cures," and I can endorse every word Sir George Newman says.

I was shown patients who were prepared to swear they had cancer before being treated, and shown doctors' certificates stating that they were now free from the disease.

But what I could not by any means obtain was a doctor's certificate relating to any of these patients stating that cancer had been present before the treatment began.

Nor could I obtain the slightest hint of the nature of the "cure." That was a secret, and it was not going to be divulged for the medical profession to pour scorn and discredit on it.

I made what I considered was a fair offer.

"I will arrange," I said, "for your cure to be properly investigated by the Ministry of Health.

"All you need do is to produce your records, your patients and your formula, and I can guarantee the fullest possible investigation of your claims without any prejudice whatever."

But there was nothing doing.

Behind a veil

When it came to the question of disclosing the formula, the exact drugs used, the exact method of treatment employed, down came an impenetrable veil of secrecy.

So I was unimpressed; nor did bulky files of testimonials from patients who had been cured of "cancer" allay my suspicions.

I still think it is not unreasonable to demand that, if a person is stated to have been cured of cancer, there should be some evidence that he was, in fact, suffering from cancer.

"One may believe," says Sir George Newman, "that the cancer curer is merely ignorant. It seems probable that he is more often a charlatan trading on the facts that some cancers are difficult to diagnose, that the preparations he uses sometimes lead to the healing of the local disease, and that, on the part of the public, fear of the disease, ignorance of the true state of affairs, and the secrecy with which the treatment is surrounded all combine to make them ready victims.

"That they are properly described as victims is sure; at the best they are treated for non-cancerous conditions by methods inferior to those obtainable at the ordinary hospitals; at the worst, if the disease is really cancer, valuable time is lost during which effective treatment might be applied.

"In cancer, the earliness or otherwise with which effective treatment is given usually decides the issue between life and death."

Murder

Those are well-weighed words, and they form the most terrific indictment of the quack and the charlatan that I have ever read.

Medical charlatanry is always cruel, but in the case of cancer it is worse than that. It is downright murder in most cases.

Do not imagine I am exaggerating. I have in front of me the records of one poor woman who went to a "cancer curer," paying him £6 6s. a week for treatment which merely consisted of burning the affected skin with caustic.

She went from him to several cancer hospitals—for the "treatment," far from curing the growth, increased it.

She died. Did she die of cancer? Or was she a needless victim of a rogue's charlatanry?

I have records of another "curer" to whom at least eight deaths can be traced. Wherein does he differ from any murderer who stands his trial in the dock at the Old Bailey?

Now, I have no great love for doctors, nor any particular admiration for modern medical methods, which savour too much of the methods of the witch-doctor and the necromancer.

But I doubt exceedingly whether the quack who fears professional jealousy if he discloses his "secret" has any better grounds for his fear than a certain knowledge that he has nothing to disclose.

The need for halting the terrible sweep of cancer mortality outweighs every consideration except the merit and value of the treatment that can do it; and the Ministry of Health would instantly fall on the necks of any who brought it even a slender thread of hope.

Healer or hoaxer

That none of the "cancer curers" are willing to risk a scientific investigation of their claims should give even the most credulous of their victims food for thought.

It is not that I believe all wisdom is to be found in the ranks of the medical profession. Far from it.

There are plenty of medical quacks on the Medical Register, and more than one charlatan is cloaked by a properly inscribed brass plate outside his door.

But I cannot believe very much in any man who professes to be able to rid the world of cancer and yet is willing to doom millions to an agonising death because he fears "professional jealousy." It isn't sense.

Whenever I see an advertisement that says "Cancer can be cured," I want to take the advertiser and shut him up with a competent committee of investigation until he has either proved his claims or confessed his roguery.

For he is either the world's greatest healer or a heartless hoaxer, who should be hung out of hand for deluding helpless men and women to their death.

And I fancy if I could do that the hangman would have a busy time.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Have You Enquired?

AN old thinker once said: "We do not choose our own parts in life, and have nothing to do with those parts. Our simple duty is confined to playing them well."

"Duty" is an old-fashioned word. We don't hear it much in these modern, hustling times. Yet a sense of duty, a devotion to duty, is still the hallmark of the free and independent man.

To do one's duty is often to do the dull and the ordinary when one would rather do something else. It not infrequently means being self-less when one would rather be selfish. Duty does not always lead to the limelight. Perhaps that is why so few consistently follow it.

Yet duty faithfully done always achieves greatness—for what is greater than the mastery of one's own mind and spirit?

Or who is greater than the man who has learned to stand erect by his own efforts, respected by all, despised by none, propped up by nobody?

To do one's duty is to do what is right because we know it to be right—and to be careless of the consequences; to refuse to do wrong because we know it to be wrong—and to be equally careless of the consequences; to be as faithful in small things as in great, and to do our best simply because it is our best, without any other motive.

"A man's real greatness," said someone, "consists not in seeking his own pleasure, fame or advancement, but in doing his own duty."

And to know just what is our own duty is a question few of us ever trouble to ask—or answer.

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FREE FOR 60 COUPONS (10 *packets of* 20 '*Private Seal*') "Imperial" Gramophone Records. The latest electrical recording of first-class artistes and bands. All the newest song and dance successes to choose from. Send for this month's list and quote the number of the record you want. Why wait three weeks when you can get it in one? Ask for Gift No. 36.

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Without Fear or Favour

STOCK EXCHANGE TRAITORS

Here's a design for the Stock Exchange Coat-of-Arms

ONE of the most shameful betrayals of public trust must be laid at the door of the London Stock Exchange.

As the recognised channel in Britain for introducing investors' money into industry by sponsoring limited liability companies, and as the central mart for dealings in stocks and shares, it assumes a great public responsibility.

But that responsibility it has failed in recent years to discharge.

Although a committee of thirty members is selected yearly to control transactions between the outside public and the Stock Exchange in accordance with "Stock Exchange Regulations," it has been unable to suppress traitorous brokers who sponsor dubious concerns.

Why there should have been this inability is difficult to understand, for in a report issued this year by a special sub-committee, the responsibility of the Stock Exchange is openly admitted.

"The committee can only impress upon its members," the report runs, "especially those who sponsor an issue, that it is their obvious duty to examine carefully the quality of underwriting."

In other words, the report is a sorry confession of failure, though why it should require a special committee to point out an "obvious" duty is a mystery which we cannot pause to elucidate here.

Landslide of failures

WHAT we are more concerned with at the moment is the appalling effect of the Stock Exchange's past neglect, which has cost the investing public dearly.

During a brief period covering the close of 1928 and the early part of 1929, fifty-eight new public companies were formed and launched into the world of business with the usual optimism.

Twenty-seven of those companies are to-day in liquidation, and of the thirty-one remaining, only one has so far paid a dividend.

Could such sorry flotations have been possible if the Stock Exchange had exercised due vigilance?

We say not. For before the directors of a new public company can obtain a quotation of the company's shares in the Stock Exchange official list they must comply with the Stock Exchange regulations.

The sub-committee's report spoke, as we have observed, of "the obvious duty to examine carefully the quality of the underwriting."

And well it might, for, although the companies concerned in the following examples may not have come under the notice of the Stock Exchange authorities, they go to show to what lengths the mushroom-company scandal has gone.

A liquidator endeavouring to collect underwriting which had defaulted recently discovered that a Mr. "X," who was supposed to have underwritten 2,000 shares of £1 each, was actually the office-boy to a Trust company.

Nor was that the limit of his discoveries. A little further enquiry showed that a Miss "B," who had underwritten 4,000 shares, was a junior shorthand-typist.

A deliberate lie

BOTH these dummies claimed that they had acted upon the instructions of the Board of the Trust, and that they had no real knowledge of what they were doing.

Other examples of flagrant company promotion abuses are all too plentiful. A company floated for £100,000 was reported in the Press to be over-subscribed.

Actually, only £8,000 had been received, and this was appropriated by the promoters as part of their consideration.

Within three weeks the person responsible for inserting the prospectus in the Press placed the company in liquidation.

Early in 1929 another company was formed with £80,000 in £1 shares.

Only £7,000 was put up by the public, but again a false view of the real position was given by the statement that the issue had been over-subscribed.

The prospectus contained a statement of the profits of one of the vendor companies that was being taken over. This was shameful misrepresentation, for the company in question had been in compulsory liquidation for some years.

Finally, to sum up the position of the fifty-eight public companies we have mentioned, available quotations show that 95 per cent. of the capital raised has now been lost.

Yet, according to the optimistic prophecies of their prospectuses, profits of over £5,000,000 were estimated.

These are only a few instances, but our readers are well aware that we are repeatedly exposing mushroom issuing-houses and defaulting underwriters in these pages.

We have constantly pressed for greater vigilance, and have put forward many suggestions for combating the rogues who thrive in the atmosphere of apathy which has so long prevailed.

Our plea was taken up the other day by Mr. A. M. Samuel, M.P., when he asked the President of the Board of Trade whether his department would now draft an amending Bill for the protection of the public, and to check the unsatisfactory features which disfigure company practice to-day.

The President of the Board of Trade invited Mr. Samuel to submit suggestions, which would be noted "when the desirability of amending legislation is being considered."

Which is a vague way of saying "Oh, yes; perhaps we'll consider it one day."

This is not good enough. We have said before in JOHN BULL that the Stock Exchange could end the menace by co-operating with the Companies Department of the Board of Trade; but continued failure to do this makes it clear that something more is desirable.

Shark poison

THAT dismal confession of failure, its sub-committee's report, weakly laments that "it is practically impossible to frame effective and at the same time working regulations which would act as an efficient bar to undesirable underwriting, and at the same time leave unfettered that which is beyond reproach."

Nonsense—the task is far from being impossible if properly tackled.

The public was told there would be no more trouble after the Hatry business. We have recently named a score of sharks who snap their jaws at the Stock Exchange.

The Stock Exchange should urge that a law be passed immediately setting up a body to control the publication of prospectuses as defined by the Companies Act. And a satisfactory report should be issued by this body before a public issue could be made.

SIX Astound SEA ROMANCES

"Every stitch of canvas set to the stiff breeze"—poetry of a windjammer

YOU read of the rescue of five hundred passengers in the *Highland Hope*. Pluck, orderliness and modern science landed everybody high and dry, sound and safe, except a Spaniard with a couple of broken ribs.

So wonderful is the spirit of the sea that the great *Mauretania* put out the full force of her marvellous engines to aid a comparative pigmy on the waves. A great game—a great adventure of the Merchant Navy.

The wreck of the *Highland Hope* is a drawing-room story beside those which we shall tell.

But Father Neptune still rules.

Here are six astounding stories taken from the laconic lines in ships' logs, written by skippers whose hard lives have made them masters of the art of stark summary.

And all these are stories of 1930—romance in big chunks.

Fireball falls

A few weeks ago the Newfoundland schooner *Caranza* left North Sydney for Newfoundland. In addition to her crew of eight, she carried a number of passengers.

Captain Matthews was in high spirits, for the wind was fair and the *Caranza* was a fast sailer. Besides, his ship was homeward-bound.

Once clear of the harbour, the ship raced along the Nova Scotian coast with every stitch of canvas set to the stiff breeze.

High above the starboard quarter a flock of gulls cawed their weird notes of warning. None understood them; it was sailing weather.

Throughout the day the ship raced through the seas to the full length of her log-line. As night fell the breeze slightly increased.

"She's doing wonderful," said Captain Matthews. "It looks like being a record passage."

Those were the last words he spoke. The ship heeled over until her lee rail was almost awash in spuming sea.

Suddenly a fireball dropped from a darkened cloud. It struck the main top-mast, ran down the rigging, burst on deck, and split the ship asunder.

There was no time to launch a lifeboat, but the dory lay athwart the main hatch and into it six men scrambled, cut the lashing, and floated away as the *Caranza* foundered with the remainder of the passengers and crew.

Three nights later the look-out man on the forecastle head of the schooner *Viginette* heard cries in the darkness. He left his post and rushed aft. "There's someone out there!" he shouted.

Again cries for help were heard; in a few minutes the *Viginette* was thrown aback to pick up the survivors of the wreck.

Mr. Nathan Roberts, chief officer of the *Caranza*, was in charge of the little skiff. His five exhausted companions were so cramped that they had to be bodily lifted on deck.

For seventy-two hours they had fought the seas, barely keeping their frail craft afloat; without food or water, they had rowed and drifted within seventy miles of Miquelon Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, before they were rescued

In the early part of the present year a tragedy of the sea was reported to the Canadian maritime authorities.

A seaplane flying off Pelee Island, on the Canadian coast, reported the presence of a ship fast in a mountain of ice, which had lifted her up bodily from the sea until its sharp peaks rose as high as the heads of her lower masts.

A rescue party of fur-clad coast-guards gathered at Cleveland and boldly set out with supplies of provisions and sledges over the ice.

After a long *détour* they found the schooner. One man of the party who climbed on board found the hapless ship to be the famous rum-runner *Grey Ghost*.

She had lived up to her name.

At the wheel stood a grey-bearded, dead man, covered in hoarfrost. His beard and sou'-wester were draped with icicles, his boots inches deep in a solid mass of ice, which covered the decks. Spars and rigging alike were enshrouded in frozen snow.

The *Grey Ghost* had taken up her last moorings in the ice jamb which had trapped her.

The investigators had barely time to ascertain that the ship was loaded with liquor and that three others of her crew frozen in death were found in her cabin.

The breaking of the ice, roaring and tumbling beneath the ship, caused the visitors to depart hurriedly, and the ice ship was left to her fate.

* * *

An epic of the sea was told when the Matson passenger-liner *Wilhelmina* arrived at San Francisco early in October.

She brought tidings of the *Lady Royal*, which had been found drifting about 700 miles south-west of the Barbary Coast with her starving crew.

The vessel, which formerly belonged to Brixham, had been purchased by an owner in Vancouver. Her name had been changed from *Us Dre* to *Lady Royal*.

Eat the dog?

For many years she had trawled in the Channel out of Brixham, and was well known along the south coast of England.

Captain Valdes, of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, was in command of a crew of five. After leaving the Gulf of Panama they ran into a belt of calms and drifted off the coast.

Food ran short, and for several days before the *Wilhelmina* hove in sight they had been in such distress that they were planning to kill the ship's dog.

The liner was able to relieve their awful craving for food and water. Otherwise they would have

An impression of a hazardous attempt to rescue the crew of a doomed boat

met the same fate as the crew of the *Phœnix*, which was found adrift in the Atlantic a few years ago, with the bodies of ten skeletons on her decks.

During the time assistance was being given to the men of the *Lady Royal*, another romance of the sea was taking place on board the Australian and Oriental liner *Taiping*, bound from Melbourne to Hong Kong. Captain Frant, after landing his

"The natives fought on with indomitable energy . . ."

ng

The death-form of the "Moseley" off Skomer Island

pilot on Thursday Island, decided to show his passengers one of the curious sights of the Pacific.

He steered close to Bird Island so that photographs could be taken of the myrfads of seafowl which blacken the sky whenever a ship approaches.

As the ship sounded her whistle the frightened birds rose in clouds, but suddenly a red flag was seen from a row of huts near Northern Point. This on what was known ordinarily to be an uninhabited island.

The liner was stopped as a canoe was seen putting out from the shore. Aft in the frail craft stood a white man waving a flag. "There are thirty-five men, women and children on this island," he told Captain Frant.

"A month ago we set sail from Ambonia, intending to settle on Aru Island, but headwinds and currents took us out of our course.

"We should have died"

"Then we ran into a gale and the women and children became seasick and frightened. Twenty-five days ago we drifted to Bird Island, and we have been on this barren rock ever since.

"All we have had to eat were the fish and birds we caught; there is no water on the island save that which drips in a small cave, and yields barely sufficient to satisfy the needs of the children.

"We should have all died had you not come along. Day after day we have been looking for a sign of sail, but we have seen nothing.

"The schooner is in good condition; all we require is water and food. Without that none will venture from these shores. They prefer to die on dry land rather than meet starvation at sea."

Captain Frant gave the schooner a large portion of his stores, rather than carry such a large number of extra passengers to Hong Kong.

Women passengers busied themselves supplying clothing to the women and children, and after leaving a large stock of provisions and filling the water-tanks of the schooner, the *Taiping* proceeded on her voyage.

* * *

It was a wild night when the Cardiff steamer *Norwich City*—Captain Harmer—struck a coral reef off Gardner Island, an uninhabited atoll in mid-Pacific.

Huge combers swept the ship, driving her higher and higher on the treacherous coral, which ripped the steel hull like a gigantic cutting-machine.

Her keel was torn from its fastenings and the *Norwich City* turned on her side, at the mercy of waves of irresistible force which drove her higher and higher until her starboard side collapsed. There she lay at an acute angle with her lee rails awash.

In the lightning-flashes Captain Harmer saw his crew making desperate efforts to launch a boat. As he watched, a mountain of sea swept the bridge and hurled him into the boiling abyss below.

A swift current running inshore cast him bruised and bleeding on a shelf of jagged, sea-washed rock, which cut his fingers as he clung on desperately.

There he was found insensible at daylight and brought back to life.

Army of crabs and rats

Some of the crew who survived the night of terror then found a new danger threatening. The island was infested with plagues of black rats and land crabs.

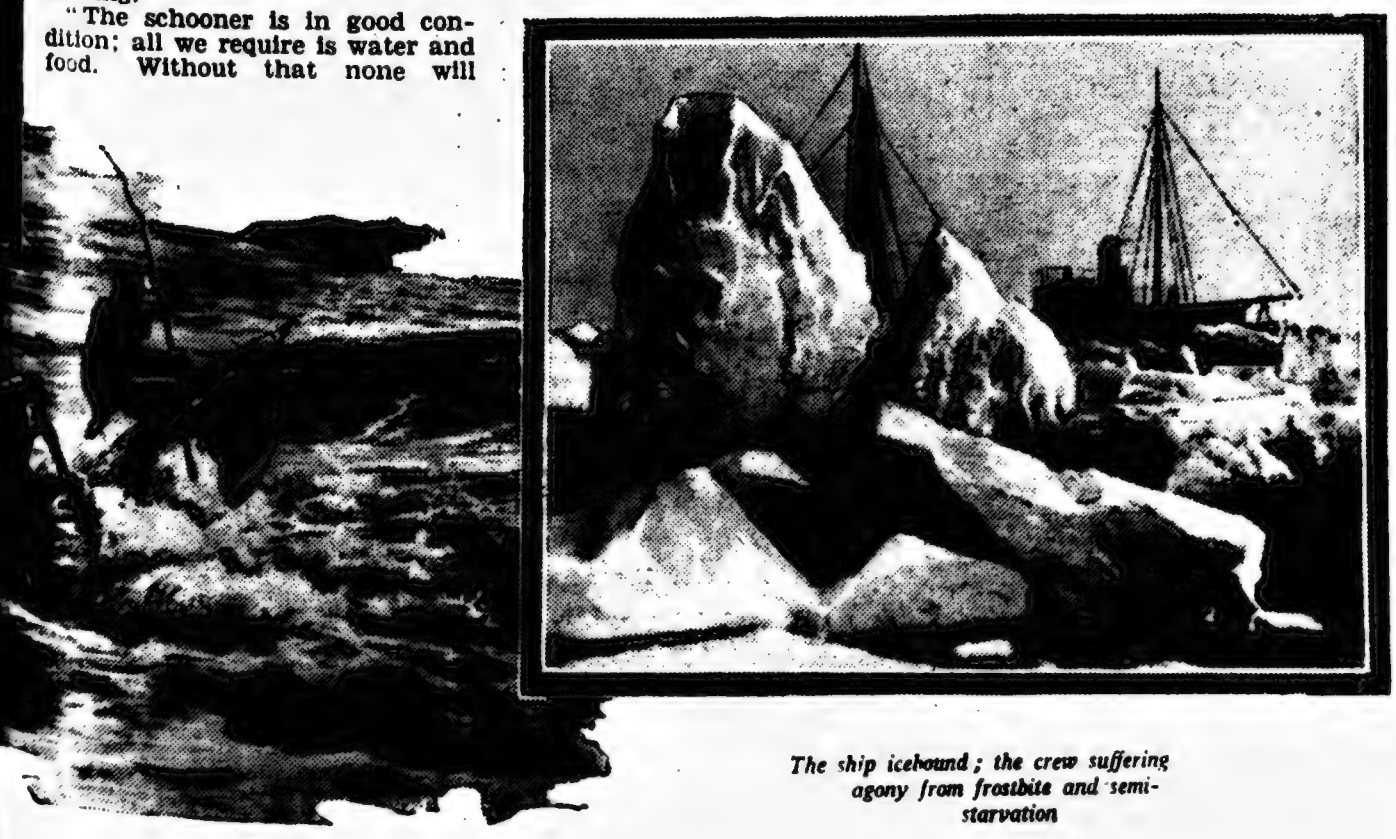
The crabs were so bold that they attacked the exhausted men and bit and tore some of them severely. At night came the armies of voracious rats massed to devour the castaways.

A tour of the island showed that it was surf-bound. The apparently peaceful lagoon was the breeding-ground for sharks—the water was literally alive with the sea-tigers.

How the survivors reached the shore without being devoured could only be explained by the fierceness of the storm. Sharks fought each other for the dead rats which the men threw to them by way of experiment.

Hungry eyes

Sinister black fins cut the surface of the lagoon, and down in the depths the great monsters lay calmly and hungrily watching the white men on the cliff. Steel bars



The ship icebound; the crew suffering agony from frostbite and semi-starvation

Mighty Epics of the Storm

in a concrete fortress could not have held prisoners more secure.

When the London steamer *Trongate* appeared over the horizon her lifeboats could not fight through the tremendous surf. Every inch of the island seemed to be barred against approach.

Boats tried in vain, only to be repeatedly thrown back, and at last the master of the *Trongate* decided to go to a neighbouring island for surf-boats and native assistance.

Meanwhile, the castaways, exhausted through want of food and water, attempted to sleep.

But to sleep unguarded meant courting death. So they divided themselves into watches and took turn in beating off attacks of rats and crabs.

After five days of terror, with rats growing bolder at each setting of the sun, the prisoners saw a catamaran manned with a crew of Kanakas put off from the *Trongate*.

They watched the native craft approach the surf. Combers were breaking astern and flinging the frail craft high on their crests, only to drop back into the hollows, where it was shut out of sight in the walls of foam.

Hours seemed to pass as the natives fought on, gasping and plunging their paddles in the surf with indomitable energy.

At last, through the roaring hissing, and turbulent mass of water, the craft emerged. Its salt-crusted, iron men had won through.

Cabin—locked

In the top bunk of a water-logged cabin, with the sea washing at his feet, lay the native messroom boy of the London steamer *Molesey*.

The alley-way was flooded, the door was closed; the ship, fast on the rocks off Hartland Point, was deserted. The boy was reported drowned.

For two days and nights the prisoner saw great waves crash against the glass port. In vain he tried to escape, but, backed by weight of water in the cabin, the door resisted his efforts.

There was nothing for him to do but to creep back into the water-sodden bunk and await death.

On the morning of the third day the gale abated. Slowly the water in the cabin trickled through the edges of the cabin-door; the tide was falling.

Then came a crash as the ship fell further over on her lee side. The door of the cabin, relieved of the water pressure, flew open.

Fighting his way through the flood, the boy gained the deck, dived overboard, and swam through the surf to a high, moss-covered rock, which he reached exhausted.

All alone

By the merest chance a boat put off from the shore; in it was a single rower who had seen the wreck and set out to explore it.

Until he came near the rock, the rescuer could not hear the shouts of the native boy, drowned in the thunder of the surf.

When for a moment he rested on his oars, the boatman was astonished to see the solitary figure of the boy perched on the high rock. At high tide that rock would be submerged—a miraculous escape.

THE SMOKE FOR MEN

Drop into your Tobacconist to-night and invest in a packet of Manikins—*5 for 10d.*—Light one after dinner and you will discover a new pleasure; Real Smoke Satisfaction.

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This little person doesn't know what's coming—or care, apparently!

Is it Safe to be Born?

YOUNG people have a constitutional objection to taking advice, and the younger they are the more obstinate.

If the young rascals who are seriously proposing to try their luck on this planet would listen to reason! If only they would think twice, as their elders occasionally do, and pause before it is too late! If youth but knew!

Especially the boys. . . .

It is rather odd that the women of this country are always demanding equality of treatment with men.

Anyone who cares to spend an hour with the latest annual report of the Registrar-General will find that the scales are weighted against the male sex all the time.

During the first year, no fewer than 24,856 boys and 18,104 girls give up the struggle. Infantile mortality accounts for the loss of nearly 33,000 lives in England and Wales alone.

The world is not by any means a safe place to be born into.

Lucky woman

The figures are lighter in subsequent years, but in every year up to seventy-five the number of male deaths exceeds those of the female.

After that age the number of females is inevitably greater because the vast majority of the men folk have already gone west.

But to return to the young people. As soon as they pass the first milestone—if they succeed in doing so—they develop a desire for independence and learn to toddle alone. This exposes them to another danger from the ever-increasing traffic in the streets.

Between the ages of one and five, 250 boys and 144 girls are killed by vehicles of one sort or another. Between the ages of five and ten, the number increases to 455 and 240 respectively.

There is a slight drop in the figures after ten, but it quickly mounts again and is at its maximum between twenty and twenty-five—657 men, 95 women.

The pity is that the average human being has such a faint chance of attaining the years of wisdom.

No readmission

The official list of the causes of death should make the boldest hesitate before risking it.

There is only one gateway of life, but the *exits* are innumerable, and there is no hope for readmission.

There are forty-two different sorts of epidemic, endemic and infectious disease which may be fatal, and they are responsible for the removal of 33,122 males and 28,232 females in a single year.

Measles carry away about 4,300 children annually: scarlet fever, 580; whooping cough, 2,976; influenza, 7,754; diphtheria, 3,191; and so on right through the list.

The young child who gaily survives these juvenile troubles has presently to run the gauntlet of the adults' diseases. In the latest report for England and Wales, more than 70,000 cases of tuberculosis were notified in a year.

That ghastly enemy of mankind killed 20,157 males and 16,466 females in a twelvemonth.

Killers of thousands

Cancer, which is more merciful to men than to women, killed over 56,000.

Diseases of the nerves and sense organs were responsible for over 41,000 deaths. Diseases of the circulatory system—including heart-troubles—slew over 105,000; diseases of the respiratory system over 59,000; diseases of the digestive system over 26,000.

There are plenty of others, but these will suffice.

Death has a thousand weapons and takes no rest. The death-rate per 1,000 may be tabulated thus:—

From birth to five years: 29.9 boys, 17.4 girls.

From five to ten years: 2.4 boys, 2.2 girls.

From ten to fifteen: 1.7 boys, 1.5 girls.

From fifteen to twenty: 2.6 young men, 2.4 young women.

From the age of twenty onwards the figure steadily rises, the number of males always being above that of the females. The totals are:

From fifteen to twenty-five: 10,045 and 9,441.

From twenty-five to forty-five: 25,116 and 24,062.

From forty-five to sixty-five: 64,710 and 52,734.

From sixty-five to seventy-five: 50,060 and 46,292.

After seventy-five, there are comparatively few men left, and the women preponderate—for the first time—in the death-rates.

No use worrying

There are 164 different varieties of fatal illness, from encephalitis lethargica to meningococcal meningitis, but many of these have sub-divisions.

All these are lying in wait for the feckless mortal in an age of science. When we are already here, in the thick of it, there is no point in worrying.

But to the intending applicant a word of warning about gambling with loaded dice might check an over-hasty impulse? I doubt it.

"Safety first" never has appealed to infants.

The methods of dying by external violence make a list as formidable as that of diseases.

The perils of lightning, earthquake, volcanic upheavals and eruptions, floods, and fires, we learn to accept as acts of God.

But the accidental deaths from escaping gases, adulterated foods, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and the violence of homicidal lunatics, are surely the result of mismanagement in a civilised world which is not yet safe for democracy.

Accidents in mines caused 958 deaths last year; 222 others were killed by machinery; 208 by homicide; 545 by accidental suffocation. . . .

Where one escapes from deadly disease and fatal accident, there is always the fear that life itself may become too intolerable. No fewer than 3,409 men and 1,473 women died last year by their own hands.

The accidents in factories and workshops are heavy contributaries to the roll.

Death's allies

The "medicine-men" are stamping out the diseases of primitive man, but civilisation has let loose a whole swarm of new demons.

One cannot forget the excessively high death rates in maternity cases, and alcoholism accounts for a multitude which is fortunately diminishing.

If we must have motor-cars and motor-boats, we have to face the additional risks which they bring. And to our joy we have conquered the air, and thus invented a new form of fatality.

War, however, is the greatest of all possible catastrophes. A few years ago it meant a bullet or a sword-cut to the soldier on the field; but we have changed all that.

There is the shelling and bombing of civilians, the sinking of non-combatant ships, the opportunity of dropping gas-filled shells from the air, and even a war with germs.

We try not to think about the possibility of another great war, but the unborn might consider it. The last war-to-end-war massacred more than 10,000,000 men in Europe.

The toll of another war would be enormous, and if half the rumours about the new explosives and poisons are true, it would solve all the complicated problems of our distracted race by the simplest of all methods.

The "Great Silence" of the ultimate Armistice would last for ever.

'Betty!

Where are your

Reckitt's Bath Cubes?

Mine are all gone as usual!'

Just a bath! But not the routine kind of bath! A bath that's made better and more bracing by a Reckitt's Bath Cube. It's a new delight—that's neither dear nor difficult to have. The fragrant, soothing influence in the water. Nothing but comfort and coaxing! And it's such a healthful thing to have. *The water cleanses your pores.* It rejuvenates and refreshes your skin and leaves it so smooth and supple. Wherever you live, Reckitt's Bath Cubes are a luxury of life. If you live where the water is at all hard, they are a sheer necessity.

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained in four perfumes—*Lily of the Valley, Lavender, Verbena* and *Essence of Flowers*—from all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at **2d.** each or in cartons of 6 cubes for 1/-

RECKITT'S BATH CUBES

Healthful and invigorating

RECKITT AND SONS, LTD., HULL AND LONDON

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Early morning scene at the Tramway Centre, Bristol. Every working day, wet or fine, people all over the country have to face the morning rush. Millions of them build up their energy and guard their health with nourishing Quaker breakfasts.

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Q 3

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and save the irritating scratch and unpleasant interruption from inferior fast needles.

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Stylish OVERCOATS in all the most attractive and reliable Clothe, at 42/- 56/- and 63/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Complete range of Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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How completely Rubicon wins the liking of those who try it is revealed by ever increasing sales and by the enthusiasm of such testimonials as this:—

"May I congratulate you for putting on the market such an excellent Tobacco as Rubicon. Myself and friends whom I have got to try it are delighted with it . . . May its demand exceed your expectations."—(Signed) J. S. of Edgbaston.
(Original may be seen on request.)

Rubicon costs 8½d. an ounce. Most tobaccos round about this price are scented or artificially flavoured—generally to camouflage the bite and tang of inferior leaf. Rubicon Mixture is guaranteed to contain neither perfume nor artificial flavouring. Made from sound, natural leaf, it closely resembles the 1/- per ounce Mixtures in type, flavour and aroma.

Made by John Sinclair Limited Newcastle-on-Tyne.

An idol of the rubber-necks. "They ought to pay me as much as Owen Nares"

The Big FREE Show

A Paradise for Rubber-Necks

IN America they call them rubber-necks. In Britain they call them crowds. But they are brothers and sisters under the skin, all of them. All of them are just plain, honest-to-goodness folk who want a good, plain, honest-to-goodness look at what's going on.

And don't we all?

There was never another period in the world's history when rubber-necking achieved such a pinnacle of popularity.

O. Henry's intriguing cameo of the bride and bridegroom who were missing at the church door because both of them had mingled with the crowd to see the other arrive has been outdistanced by fact.

To-day great men go to the pictures to admire their own speechmaking *via* the talkies. Famous singers gloat over their gramophone records. Film stars are cheered on the way to witness their own successes.

Staring millions

More generally, at home and abroad, millions rubber-neck regularly where once it was thousands. Even among the elect it is no longer bad form.

It has inspired even the poet. Davies, once a tramp, but now a great man of letters, embalmed a slice of the new England when he wrote: "What is this life, if, free from care, we have no time to stop and stare." That motto of the rubber-neck has gone into literature.

Pageants and processions, weddings and funerals, public appearances and private disappearances, accidents and arrests, trials and inquests, the capers of cranks, the achievements of sportsmen—the rubber-necks are there.

It is true of England, however, that our necks are not stretched to the absurd extent known across the sea. Our desire to stare is still limited to such things that are—for the main part—worthy of inteiligent interest.

In "God's Own Country" things have gone not only from bad to worse, but to almost incomprehensible folly.

Early this year an American boy perched himself in the branches of a tree, declaring that he would stay there a week and establish a record for tree-sitting.

Up the—tree!

People came from miles round to stare. All there was to see was a foolish kid trying not to fall off a silly perch; but they stayed for hours watching. They even cheered.

Within the next few months there were hundreds of people, of both sexes and all ages, "tree-sitting" throughout America. Scores of thousands were spectators.

An old lady of sixty, even, was hoisted up into a tree by means of a pulley and secured a record "gate."

But the Americans can go better than that in rubber-necking. They came out in their legions to see a poor, misguided fellow striving to establish a "record" for pushing a pea-nut up a mountainside with his nose.

They laid extravagant bets at a pie-eating contest; they cheered a modern "William Tell" who smote golf-balls with a lusty drive off the nose of prostrate assistants; they cheered even more when he missed—the ball!

Champion smokers, champion beer-drinkers, dancers that carry on night and day until they drop almost unconscious, orange-rolling contests through the streets, non-stop jazz bands—they all bring out the American rubber-necks in their battalions.

These are the cheapest shows on earth—which may have something to do with their popularity.

But the British rubber-neck, for the most part, prefers the quieter, the more subtle, the more mysterious. He is all for the element of expectation, of speculation. Disappointment, even, adds a spice.

A man stops in the street and gazes skyward. Necks galore are craned. It doesn't matter much what it is, nor even if it is nothing at all. An escaped toy-balloon will do almost as well as *R100* or *Do.X!*

There is an accident. A crowd gathers magically. No one knows who is hurt, or how the hurt occurred, or even if there is a hurt at all. An appeal for "air" is like the referee's dark look at the soccer crowd. It just increases the excitement.

The ambulance arrives and departs again. The crowd dwindles. They are just as wise as they were before, but they have had a good look.

And for an hour afterwards there will be those who will gaze fascinated with a "Was that where it happened?"

Should a murder occur, the rubber-necks have their Sunday out. The a pilgrimage to the "scene of crime." It is the big thing.

No one who was there will ever get the great trail of 1925 when road and rail, they flocked to bungalow on the Crumbles at E boure, where Patrick Mahon did foul work. They even bought pict postcards and "bungalow rock."

There have been many such grimages since, but this will poss stand as a record rubber-neck cu for all time.

Neckers hoaxed

Contrast this weird curiosity the credulous behaviour of the cro at London and Southampton cheered when an American film in reel cases was audaciously esco through the streets by a contingen Territorials complete with band

No one knew what it was all ab but they flocked out in their thousa for a good, hearty stare.

And they went home again fectly satisfied, until they learned their chagrin next day that they been hookwinked by a smart publi agent.

The rubber-necks invest the great nonentity with a national importa should he fall from grace. They haunt the entrances to the courts see him pass from the Black Mari

Should he be handcuffed, they probably return to see him leave.

Should he be sentenced, they watch for hours the entrance throu which they know he will never pa because he will be smuggled out el where by the police.

The road is up, and the rubber-nec are in high spirits. They will p half a lunch-hour gaping at the m with the electric drills.

"They ought to pay me as much Owen Nares," said a sturdy navvy t other day. "More people see me do *my* turn!"

And a hole in the road, the excav tion of foundations, a crane high am the steel girders of a new erection such things are good for thousands.

In London alone the people who e joy such mid-day shows would every London theatre for a week.

A week or so ago there was a rumo that the Thames was critically "up again. Hundreds stayed out almost night with their eyes fixed on the ri ing water.

There was no calamity, but t rubber-necks had had their good tim

The sight of a film star sends the all of a dither. Gloria Swanson h held up the traffic in Regent Stree Ronald Colman has paralysed Wate loo.

No one quite knows what the effe of Maurice Chevalier will be when t rubber-necks see him soon.

The police out

Next to a "good fire," perhaps the is nothing like a "fashionable we ding." They have to get the mounte police out. They very nearly have erect barricades.

No one cares much who it is who getting married; many don't eve know; many more can't even see scrap of what is happening. But wome will wait for the bridal procession unt they faint.

The true rubber-neck enjoys th little things of life—to have a goo stare at them. So long as he does no descend to the incomprehensible lev of his American compeer all will b well.

It would be a dull world without th cheapest shows on earth.

POINTSMAN'S

SKILL PREVENTS CRASH

Be prepared for all kinds of commands when you have given your boy a Hornby Train and he has given you a job on the permanent way! The great game of railways is the most thrilling in the world—there will never be a single dull moment when you and your boy are managing your own line.

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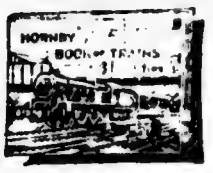
The 1930 Hornby Locomotives give Longer Runs and pull Heavier Loads.

THE 1930 HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS.

The 1930 edition of this famous book contains full colour illustrations of all Hornby Trains, Rolling Stock and Accessories, in addition to a number of articles of absorbing interest to all railway enthusiasts.

Your boy may obtain a copy from any dealer, price 3d. If he has any difficulty ask him to send 4½d. and the names and addresses of three of his chums direct to us for a copy, post free.



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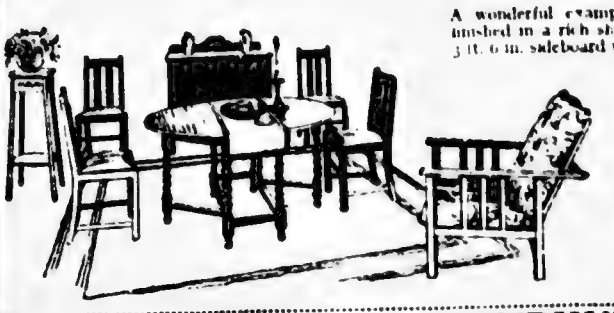
DOWNSIDE GROUP



A wonderful example of a dining-room group finished in a rich shade of oak and comprising a 3 ft. 6 in. sideboard with 2 drawers and 2 spacious cupboards, £6 6s. 0d. A Gate-leg table 3 ft. 6 in. in width, £1 7s. 6d. Four small chairs with drop in rexine seats, £1 5s. 0d., and an exceptionally well constructed adjustable chair, £1 12s. 6d.

GROUP COMPLETE 15 Guineas
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A particularly useful bedroom group in dark oak, comprising 2 ft. 6 in. wardrobe with hanging accommodation. Dressing table with 2 drawers and large frameless mirror. Dressing chest and 1 chair. Suite £14 10s. 0d. A well-constructed bedstead in oak to match, wire spring overlay, bolster and 2 pillows, £9 0s. 0d.

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A handsome 7-piece suite, exceedingly well-upholstered in variety of tapestries. Drop-end Settee £8 17s. Two Armchairs £4 19s. 6d. each. Four small Chairs, finished mahogany, with drop-in seats, £1 19s. 6d. each.

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TAUNTON SUITE

Full size well-sprung three-piece suite, covered in first-class rexine. Suite consists of full size Chesterfield, £6 12s. 6d. and 2 roomy Arm Chairs, £4 5s. 0d. each.

SUITE COMPLETE £14 5s. 0d.
SEND ONLY 6/-
6/- Monthly After.
Or in Rich Velours,
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PARIS SUITE

Finely constructed half Bedroom Suite comprising sunk centre Dressing Table with 3 drawers, frameless Mirror and chest of 4 drawers. Finished a beautiful shade of dark brown Oak.

PRICE £11 5s.
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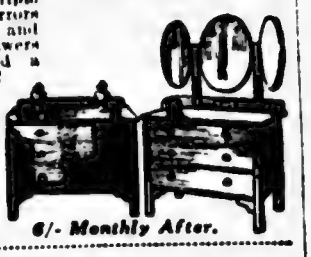

A half Bedroom Suite offering exceptional drawer accommodation. The Dressing Table with triple frameless mirrors and 3 drawers and chest with 3 drawers are all finished a nice shade of dark Oak.

PRICE £12 15s.
SEND 6/- ONLY
6/- Monthly After.

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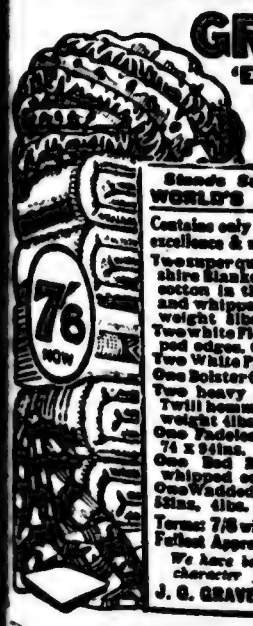

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NO more of this—"There are still mean mistresses . . . and annoying maids"

HOW many people realise that "indoor domestic servants" comprise more wage-earners than any other industry except agriculture?

There are more of these women and girls, who cook food, wash dishes, make beds, "wait at table," and make themselves generally useful in other people's houses, than there are miners, and nearly twice as many as there are in textile industries.

When the last census was taken there were nearly 800,000 of them over twenty years of age and about a quarter of a million under that age. There are more to-day.

The material conditions under which they live are far better than they used to be. Their wages, on the average, have increased in a higher proportion than those of any other large group of workers.

The daily "nag"

Undoubtedly there are still many mean mistresses—but there are also annoying maids.

The reason for the improvement is that in domestic service there are more vacancies than applicants. It is the only great industry not overcrowded.

The meanest mistress dare not treat her servants very badly. If she did, they would "give notice." The individual maid, though without a trade union, has strong bargaining power.

But in spite of all this there is something all wrong with domestic service.

If there is any truth in the tag that "woman's place is in the home," it ought to be the ideal occupation for women out of a job.

But if it were, we should not continue to find more than 550,000 women and girls on the unemployed register whilst mistresses are complaining that they cannot get maids to help them.

Woman's "place is the home" may be all very well. It is not quite the same thing when it is somebody else's home.

In thousands of middle-class families there are daily recriminations of mistresses complaining of maids, and maids complaining of mistresses.

But in the great majority of households where servants have been employed for generations the relations are of a sound and happy character.

Happiness—holidays?

An attempt to find a remedy is being taken by the Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organisations. It intends to prepare a Domestic Workers' Charter for submission to the National Conference of Labour Women, to be held next Spring.

Before it drafts this charter, it is inviting domestic workers and employees to fill in forms answering a number of questions, such as:

Why is domestic service unpopular?

Should domestic workers have a trade union?

Should they be insured against unemployment?

How should they be trained?

How many hours a day should they work?

Should there be minimum wage-rates?

What holidays, what recreation, what sleeping accommodation should they have?

The Joint Committee must discover the grounds of the prejudice against domestic service, and find a way of removing them; find means of drafting new labour into the ranks; and suggest methods of protecting the worker when the market is fully supplied or over supplied.

The committee must avoid setting up red-tape conditions which might only serve to create friction.

The association of mistress and maid ought to be a very intimate and personal one. Friendliness and give-and-take ought to be preserved where it exists and fostered where it does not.

The answer to the question, Should there be a domestic workers' trade union? is in some doubt.

It would be fatal, for instance, to introduce pettifogging rules about details of work.

What's Wrong WITH Mary Ann?

Regarding hours, it would probably be impossible to fix a forty-eight hour week and an eight-hour day; much household work is not continuous.

The working-class housewife, who, perhaps, in her own home, works eleven, twelve or more hours a day, and employs help, may not have a right to expect more than eight hours' solid work from her assistant; but she has a right to expect that this work, being discontinuous, shall be spread over a longer period than eight hours.

Insurance against unemployment is a thorny question. At present there is virtually no unemployment among domestic workers. To insure would make them, as well as their employers, pay contributions towards benefits which they do not receive. That would be unfair.

Understand this—

But many women who have been in insurable employment shrink from accepting jobs as domestic servants, because they fear it will disqualify them from future benefits.

On this point there seems to be very widespread misunderstanding. Since the last Insurance Act became law, any woman who has paid thirty contributions in the last two years keeps her title to benefit, not only for any period up to eighteen months of unemployment, but for a further period of two years in uninsurable employment like that of domestic service.

Suppose she has failed to pay the contributions. Then, in claiming benefit, she must be able to show that she is normally in an insurable occupation. Could she claim it if she were in domestic service?

Doubt could easily be removed by passing a law that no woman who accepted domestic employment would be disqualified, for a period of at least two years, from any benefits she would have been entitled to by entering any other sort of employment.

No unemployed woman ought to fear that she may be penalised by accepting domestic service.

The training of domestic servants needs no cut-and-dried system. In some cases junior service in a household where many servants are kept is sufficient.

Remove the grit

In general, preliminary training is highly desirable. Existing centres conducted on behalf of the Ministry of Labour, admit 1,000 women and girls for training at one time, or nearly 4,000 in the course of a year. These opportunities ought to be greatly increased.

Every girl of fifteen ought to have the opportunity of being so equipped that she can offer her services confidently, knowing that she has something to offer of which she may be proud and for which she has an unquestionable right to demand good wages and decent conditions.

We cannot ensure that all mistresses and maids will live happily together, but we can alter some of the conditions which separate the domestic servant from her brothers and sisters.

By enlarging her opportunities we can increase her efficiency, become efficient we can increase her social status and improve her social prestige and improve her social status. Then the prejudice will disappear.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

—There go the records. JOHN BULL'S Record Threefold Christmas Gift to its readers has broken them all. Applications come pouring in as never before.

See what you get free!—A Voucher worth One Shilling; a "Gillette" Razor of the very latest pattern; a superb 3s. 6d. "Everpointed" Pencil.

Naturally all these good things are going fast. Turn to page 4 and make application at once.

Here's a

Match for YOU!

Save the labels from dozen packets of "Criterion" Safety Matches and "M.S." Paraffin Matches! When you have the requisite number, send them to the Match Dept., Arcos Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2., mentioning the gift you would like, and it will be sent to you by return of post.

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15	,, ,,	,,
20	,, ,,	,, or lacquer ashtray, or painted box.
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35	,,	Lacquer ashtray.
40	,,	Painted wooden toy, or carved Ural stone or marble elephant or rabbit, or carved wooden box or ashtray, or lacquer bowl, or work basket.
45	,,	Painted wooden toy.
50	,,	Carved Ural stone powder box, trinket box, or inkstand, carved wooden platter, or lacquer bowl, or waste-paper basket.
60	,,	Carved white wood animal, or painted wooden toy, or work-basket.
70	,,	Carved wooden box, or ashtray, or wooden platter, or canister.
75	,,	Siberian Birch cigarette case, or a set of the latest Russian stamps, or a carved and painted box.
80	,,	Carved Ural stone tiger, or marble ashtray, or carved and painted wooden box, or platter, or paperweight, or set of chessmen.
100	,,	Carved wooden platter, or peasant embroidered shirt, or large Siberian Birch cigarette case, or large lacquer bowl, or 7 lbs. of fruit bonbons in case.
150	,,	Large Siberian Birch cigarette case or 100 Russian cigarettes.
200	,,	Peasant embroidered blouse, or dress, or very large cigarette case.
250	,,	Siberian Birch card case, or 7 lbs. of chocolate bonbons, or 5 "Electra" Gramophone Records of the latest Russian songs, ballets, operas, etc.
300	,,	Siberian Birch cigarette box.
600	,,	A tennis racquet.
750	,,	Siberian Birch workbox or cigar case.
1,500	,,	A tea, coffee, or dinner service for 12 persons, or 1 lb best Russian caviare, or a Russian musical instrument (guitar or balalaika).

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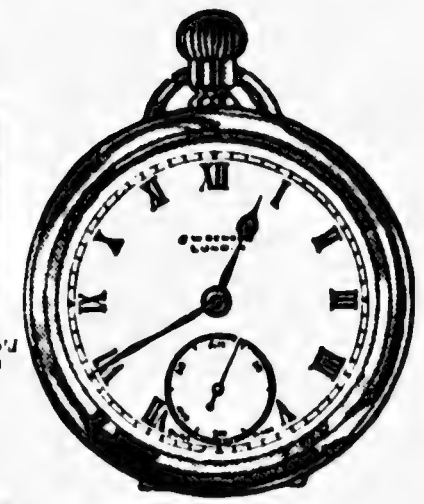

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"My 'Signal' I have never yet had opened. I pass Greenwich Observatory 4 or 5 times weekly . . . and my watch, during 2 years . . . has never varied the slightest degree. On every occasion I pass the Observatory Clock, I look at my watch and the clock. There is never any variation in them. It is absolutely the best watch I have ever had in . . . 50 years." (*The original of this letter may be inspected at Benson's head office.*)

For a small first payment of 7/- you, too, can become the immediate owner of a 'Signal' Watch similar in every respect to the above:—Stamped with the same hall-mark of solid gold; fitted with the same superior lever movement, jewelled in fifteen actions, fitted with the same Breguet spring (the finest made) and covered by identically the same Benson guarantee in writing. You can pay the balance of the cash price—£7 . 7 . 0—in fourteen monthly instalments of 10/-. Not a penny is charged for interest. These special terms are available to all who post the coupon below for free catalogue and Special Order Form.

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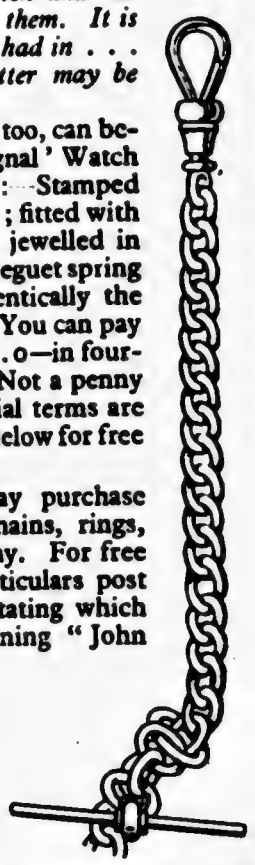
CHAINS. The illustration shows a pocket-to-pocket Albert, London-made of solid gold (hall-marked on each link). Benson's watch catalogue shows a large selection. This chain can be yours too for a small first payment.



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Odol Mouth Wash is specially recommended for artificial teeth. It will not discolour or crack denture plates. T.F.58.30

THE GIRL WHO COMPLAINS.

It Isn't Her Fault—She is Anæmic

"She seems to be always complaining now," said a mother recently about her daughter. When a girl, hitherto bright and cheerful, develops a habit of always complaining, it is a sign that all is not well with her. If, in addition, she has grown pale, languid, fretful and irritable, then there is no doubt she is anæmic. She is growing into womanhood, and the demands made upon her system are more than she can meet. She soon tires, going upstairs makes her breathless; she gets headaches, and her back feels fit to break.

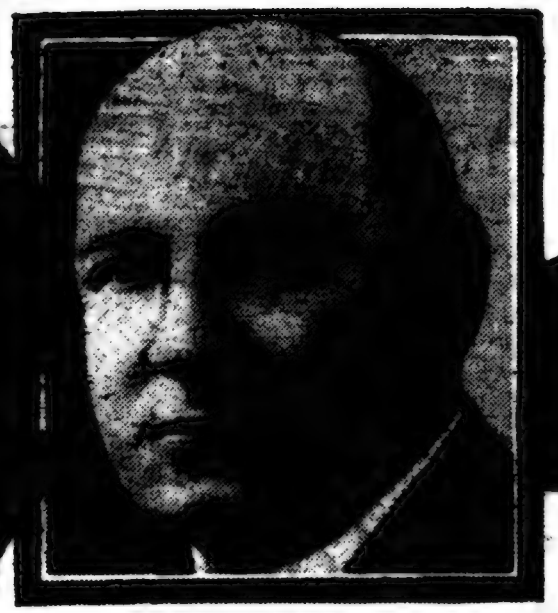
Mothers, take heed if your daughter is like this; there is no time to be lost. She needs new rich blood, such blood as only Dr. Williams' pink pills can give her. Let her start taking these pills now, and you will soon see the difference. It will show first in her improved appetite and better temper. She will no longer be melancholy and morose.

Thousands of mothers have discovered that there is nothing to equal Dr. Williams' pink pills to help girls who are struggling on the verge of womanhood. All chemists sell these pills, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every girl in the Kingdom should read. Write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

DEAN INGE
says that
LORD WAKEFIELD'S
successful book is "full of good advice to parents how to avoid blind alleys in choosing careers for boys." The title is
ON LEAVING SCHOOL
12th Edition
3/6 net of all bookseller
HODDER & STOUGHTON

Horatio Nicholls, the king of British song-writers—



—Raymond Wallace—

— and Tolchard Evans. They are all part of the spirit of "panto"

PEEPS at PANTO People

GERTIE got a job the other day. And so did May. And Mabel and Mary, Phyllis and Flo, Clara and Dolly and all.

They're going into "panto." Just for a little while there will be no more bun-and-milk lunches, no more letters home for "just a pound to tide me over," no more heart-breaking tramps from agent to agent.

Christmas is bringing them cheer; for some a fortnight, for some a month, for others many months. They will have plenty of hard work and plenty of fun. There will be decent food in decent "digs." And pocket-money.

They are going north, south, east and west, these girls. To the cities and the towns, and later, some of them, to the village areas.

In glittering garb, white limbs gleaming in the spot and flood lights, they will dance their way into the hearts of the people—the people who love the pantomime.

And not only the girls. Many an actor and actress will thank God for the "panto," that brings to an end a "rest" that has been an ordeal—be it the man who plays the hind legs of the donkey, or the faded beauty who is one of the "ugly sisters."

With revue and talkies and musical comedy on such a pinnacle, the popularity of the pantomime may wane, but, like the old soldier, it will never die. One doubts if it will even fade away.

Public taste is not yet so sophisticated that the "panto" fails to captivate. Up and down the country the youngsters of all ages are anticipating with delight.

And on the other side of the footlights they still love it. Why, even Fay Compton will be in "panto" this Yuletide.

The principal boy, a sturdy wench with stolid calves swathed in silk; the leading lady, dainty and demure, lilting of voice, dewy of eye; the dame, a heavy comedian armed with gags and tumbles, and the clowns and fairies!

What would Christmas be without it all?

A curious medley is the "panto." The stories—or plots—of most of them are as old as nursery rhymes. New songs and gags keep them ever green.

The slipper will fit the little foot of Cinderella whether the song in the scene before is as old as "Swanee River" or as up-to-the-minute as "When Skies are Grey." Even if they sing "Sonny Boy" the wolf will *not* get little Red Riding Hood.

And who writes the songs that bring the sunshine into bleak December, that make the kiddies roar, and lighten for a fleeting space the lives of Darby and Joan?

They are a quaint legion, famous and unknown—men whose works have been broadcast to millions over the ether; youngsters struggling in their leisure hours to achieve fame.

From a few chosen at random there is, for instance, Jack Judge, the creator of "Tipperary," whose deathless inspiration is a slice of war history.

It is odd to reflect that he had great difficulty in selling that work. He lives now in Birmingham, in a house named after "Tipperary," still busy with his imagination and his pen.

Veterans' "quavers"

There are veterans like Harry Castling, whose "Let's all go down the Strand" set another generation agog. One of his latest efforts is "What Angelina says—goes." The song should certainly go in "panto."

And another veteran still turning out "the goods" is Joe Tabrar, reputed to be the oldest successful song-writer living. The grandfathers and grandmothers of to-day, when in their prime, thrilled to the rollicking chorus of his "Bicycle Made for Two."

It is to the credit of British song-writers that they move with the times. Generations move on, taste and fancy change, but they still get the laugh and the tear

But youth takes its place. There is, for example, Winifred May, who has just written for Horatio Nicholls the words of "The Lantern Song," which should prove a popular pantomime item.

Her contribution to the song-ballad, "Princess Elizabeth," rendered at t Command Performance at the Pal dium, put her on the road to success a little business girl of about twenty

Horatio Nicholls himself is the ki of British song-writers. His work heard wherever there is orchest radio, gramophone or piano.

Tolchard Evans, who sprang in prominence with "Barcelona," is young composer who has done much prove that the American song writ is not going to have everything h own way.

He collaborates with Harry Tilsle Stanley Damerell and Robert Ha greaves.

Together they comprise a sort song "Cabinet," the only one of kind in the country, and although th have been working together in th fashion for two years there has nev been a single note of discord.

Youth wins through

Their successes have includ "Dance of the Raindrops," "Arma Airman," "Maggie's Cold," and "S Sat with Sophie on the Sofa."

There are hundreds of young m and women in the country who yea to follow in the footsteps of such m as these, and many of them, refusi to give up hope, look like doing it

Not so long ago two young fello named Fred Neville and Jack Mus approached Jack Hylton with t words and music of what they thoug was a winner.

Hylton, who is famous for champio ing the cause of the young and pr mising British composer, sent the to friends, and, as the result of go advice, the composition was knock into shape and published.

"Round the Corner," it is called. has been played over the ether "the other Jack," Jack Payne, a should certainly find a place "panto."

There are many captivating chara ters among those whose songs w help brighten the Yuletide shows.

Take Ralph Butler, whose work such items as "Give yourself a p on the back" and "Misery Farm won him platform, radio and gram phone prominence.

Years ago he was playing "Charley's Aunt," but now we fi him happily ruralised at Clacton-o Sea, where he combines his hobby farming with his song work.

He has a famous collaborator Raymond Wallace, whose work h shown America what British tale can do.

Their panto reward

The first officer to enter Bagd during the war, who christened famous hostelry there "Maud," is a among those who succumbed to t lure of song, and is busily establishi himself as a lyric-writer.

He is Bruce Sievier, son of M "Bob" Sievier, of racing fame. has collaborated with Pat Thayer a written for Layton and Johnstone.

These are but a few of those w are proving that British talent c provide a feast of melody and f second to none. They have stemm the American invasion May "panto bring them laurels in return.

DON'T HANG
up your stocking this Christmas.
Get your gifts now. See page 4.

'What'll I do next, Mum?' *says Mrs. Rawlins*

"You'll never beat Robin for making the work go. You've seen for yourself to-day. Look at this kitchen now. We're clearing up. We've a rack of things we can be proud of and it's only just tea time. Mind you, Mum, I wouldn't crack up Robin if it was just for those that likes to save themselves trouble. That wouldn't be Mrs. Rawlins. It's the result it gives. Look at the finish on these things. It's a grand finish—does you good to see it. Twice the finish in 'alf the time. That's Robin!"

ROBIN *Starch*

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505 CASH PRIZES and 1000 CONSOLATION PRIZES

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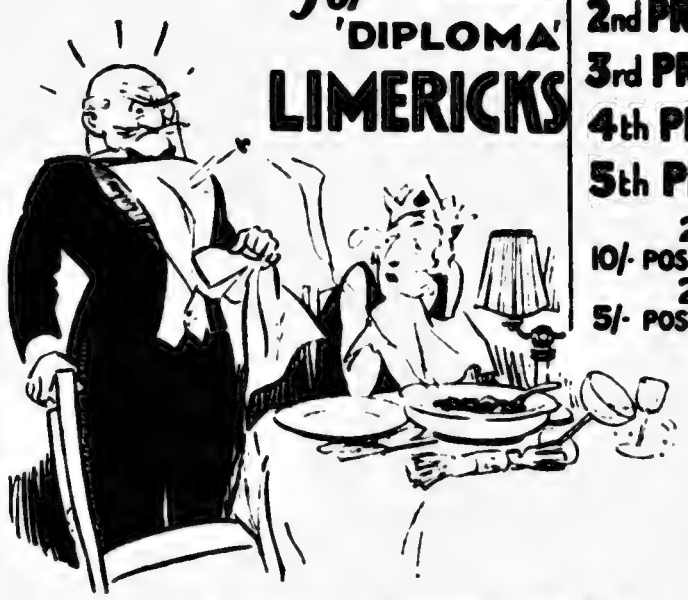

Also 1000 CONSOLATION PRIZES of 'Diploma' electro-plated Cheese Holders.

A choleric old colonel from Kew
Confronted at Christmas with stew
In anger, aghast,
Rose and left the repast

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

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WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Wednesday, December 10, 1930.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

All Prizes will be posted before Christmas.

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Cheddar and Cheshire

Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½.

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that saves the women-folk from floor-scrubbing drudgery and saves money because it wears so long and well, should be tried on the floors of every home. Catesbys Cork Lino can be bought on Cash or for Easy Terms. Write for No. K 19 Book of coloured designs, samples and prices.

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But dogs have to be in perfect condition before they can grow their winter coats. The quality of the coat and undercoat depends entirely on the condition of the blood, and you should do NOW what all famous Breeders do; give your dog Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, which purify the blood and tone up the whole system. In ten days or so the dog will be in perfect condition and well able to look after himself through the winter.

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CUT THIS OUT AND TRY IT!

A simple recipe for XMAS PUDDING

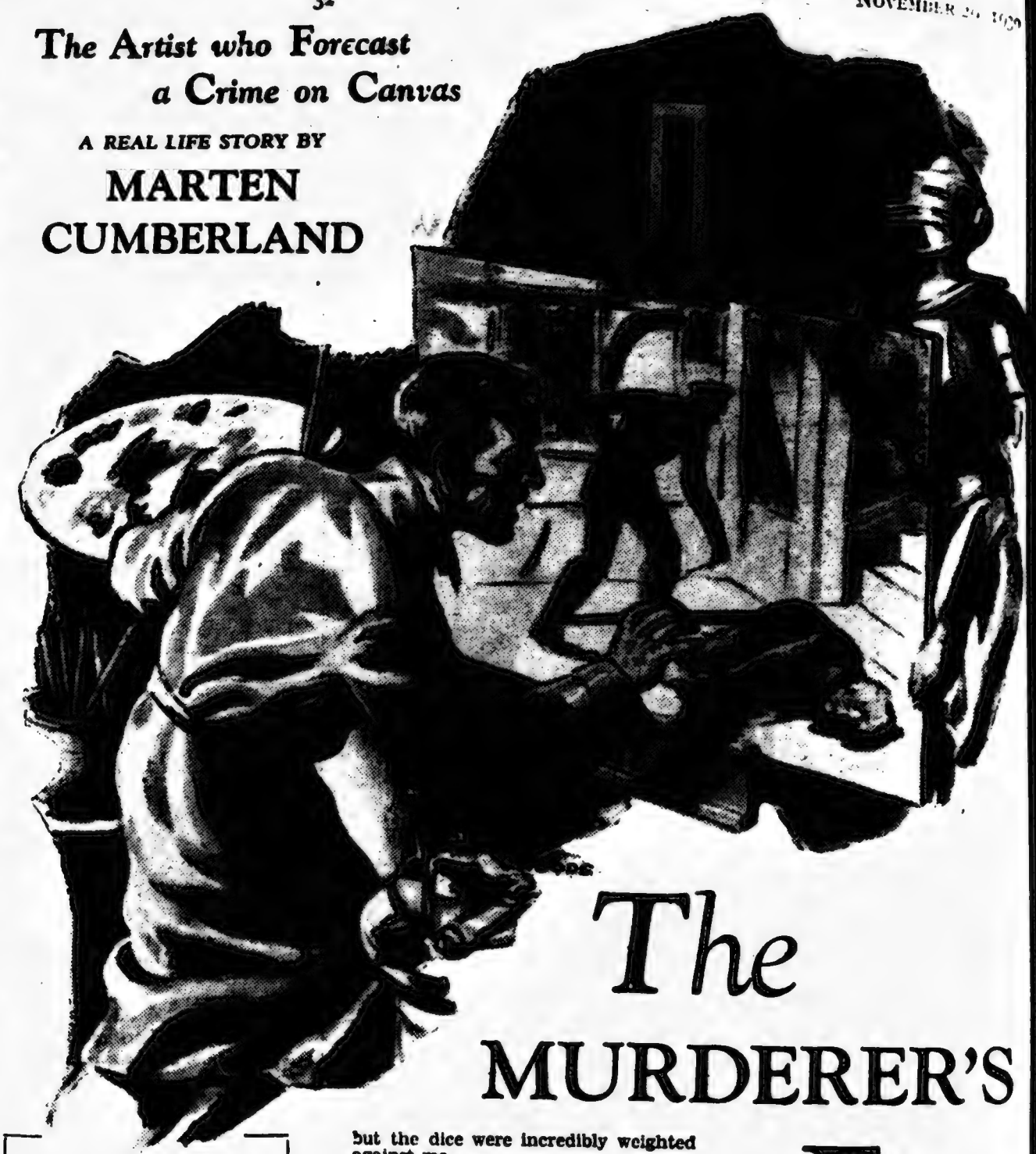
Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, two ounces of bread crumbs, one and a half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds, one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together, and add six eggs, well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours.

"HOME-MADE" WITH BORWICK'S MEANS A PERFECT XMAS PUDDING

The Artist who Forecast a Crime on Canvas

A REAL LIFE STORY BY

MARTEN CUMBERLAND



The MURDERER'S Face

"I felt impelled to work at the thing. Something drove me on"

WHEN I first came to live in Paris, I made the acquaintance of a German painter living in the Boulevard Raspail. He was a man of striking appearance, with very dark eyes, in contrast to his iron-grey hair.

His manner was brusque and vigorous; and he seemed so full of vitality that it was hard to realise that he was at least sixty years of age.

Despite this characteristic energy, however, there were times when his dark eyes became dreamy and abstracted.

In repose his face frequently had a curious air of detachment; it was as though he were haunted by memories, or at least one powerful memory. Here, I felt, was "a man with a story."

One evening, after we had become friendly, I said to him, laughingly:

"Do you know, Karl, you strike me as a man who has had some very queer experience in his life. I would like to have the story—if I am not being indiscreet?"

He was silent for a moment.

"I have a story," he went on. "And I don't mind telling it to you. But I won't tell it now. I'll wait until my old friend, Brandt, is with us."

"The old retired judge?"

"Exactly," said Karl. "He once came within an ace of sending me to the scaffold—at least, a perfectly honest jury did so. I was innocent, but the dice were incredibly weighted against me.

"Judge Brandt believed in my innocence, and we've been friends ever since the episode. I was proved guiltless in the end—but it was a near thing."

"It sounds a good story," I exclaimed.

"I don't think it's too bad," he returned. "Come along to the studio tomorrow night, and I'll let you have it. Brandt is coming, and I want him to be there to corroborate my statements. They're a little out of the ordinary."

So the following night, sitting in Karl's studio amid a cloud of tobacco-smoke, with little, wizened old Brandt nodding his bald head from time to time, I heard a story which I will endeavour to reproduce as it was told to me.

* * *

"This all happened in a small, Rhenish market town," said Karl. "It was a good time ago, eh, Judge? Time is important for what you might call the 'atmosphere' of the story."

He sucked at his pipe for a moment, marshalling his thoughts.

"I was young," he continued, "and I was devilish hard up.

"On the night of my story, I had sold a picture. I celebrated with a party of friends, mostly young fellows like myself. We drank a fair amount. The result was, I came back to my attic-studio, and I couldn't sleep.

"It was a warm night. I turned this way and that in the darkness, which appeared frightfully oppressive. I counted millions of sheep; I did all I could to doze off; but I couldn't do the trick.

"And, as I lay there in the heat and the silence, a queer idea gradually took shape in my mind. The thing was not only queer—it was horrible. Yet it fascinated me, obsessed me.

"It brought me right out of bed and it had me lighting candles, shoving a canvas on to the easel, and hunting for charcoal.

"The idea in my mind was the conception of a particularly beastly picture. I did not know where the idea had come from. I didn't argue with myself about it. I just felt I had to do it.

"Briefly, the subject of the picture was a miserly old woman who lived downstairs, on the ground-floor of the same building that I was in.

"In my mind I saw her plainly. I saw her lying—a grotesque, limp heap in rusty black. She lay in the inner courtyard of the building, and her throat was cut.

"She was dead. She had been murdered; and, in fact, stooping over her was the crouching figure of the man who had just killed her. He had a long knife in one hand.

"Not a pretty picture, eh? The idea

(Continued on page 34)

Festive Crackers!

A wonder-box of festive crackers to make your Yuletide go with a bang—the JOHN BULL Christmas Holiday Annual.

The finest fare is here; the jolliest spirit; the cream of Christmas fiction; the funniest jokes.

All served up by a host of celebrated writers and artists—altogether sixty-eight pages of side-splitting laughter.

It's on sale at all newsagents, price sixpence.

"Refreshed!... eager for a new day — *that's how I feel each morning*"

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Yet 70 out of every 100 people, investigations have shown, do not get the deep sleep they need. They wake up feeling still tired, or are easily fatigued by the activities of a normal day.

There is such an easy, natural way in which to secure restful sleep — by drinking a cupful of Horlick's last thing at night! Thousands today owe their energy and vigour to the deep sleep which Horlick's brings. Full of nourishment, Horlick's is easily digested during sleep and turned into precious energy.

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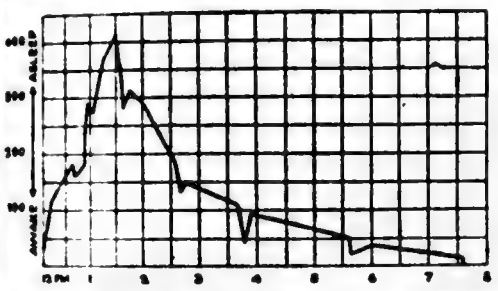
DEEP SLEEP
for you, too . . .
splendid energy
— through this simple habit

Such profound slumber alone banishes fatigue

SLEEP DISTURBANCES REGISTERED BY A CHART



During a recent experiment at a famous Institute of Research a special apparatus recorded, as shown in this chart, how disturbances, such as a door slamming, a blind rattling, a lorry passing, a bell ringing, affect the "soundness" of sleep. Horlick's at bedtime helps one to fall quickly and soundly asleep.

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Send us your Breast measure and height. Also send 2/6, postage 6d. extra (no further payment required until you have had the suit one month), and agree to pay 7/6 per month and we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly. If you are not satisfied we will refund your deposit.

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—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

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If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

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THE MURDERER'S FACE—*Continued from page 32*

horrified me. And yet I felt impelled to work at this thing. Something drove me on.

"Of course, I'd had a fair amount of drink, but I worked well, and I felt that it was going to be a good picture when I had finished it. Gruesome, but powerful, you know.

"I don't remember how long I worked. I sketched in the poor old girl lying there, untidily dead. I roughed in the murderer, bending over his victim, knife in hand.

"And then, not unnaturally, I began to feel tired It must have been two or three in the morning. The energy of the sudden impulse began to slacken; the conception was fading.

"I left the man's figure very much in the rough. His face entirely escaped me. Yawning, and now heavy with sleep, I got into bed.

"This time there was no need to count sheep. In a few seconds I must have been sleeping like a log.

"Well, it seemed to me that I had only been sleeping five minutes when I was awakened by a deuce of a lot of knocking at the door. I found the sun streaming into my attic.

"I heard men's voices on the landing, and I wondered if anything were wrong, if some accident had occurred.

"WITH my dressing-gown half on and half off, I pulled open the door, and was surprised to see the Chief of Police of the district standing there on the landing. Two policemen were with him.

"'Good morning,' said the Chief.

"He knew me quite well. In fact, the policemen with him knew me. In a small town like that, everybody knows everybody else.

"'Good morning,' I said, smiling. 'This is rather impressive. You haven't come to arrest me, have you, Chief?'

"Well, the Chief had been smiling when I started to speak, but, before I had finished my sentence, I saw his face change. He was looking at something over my shoulder, something in the room. I saw his eyes light up in a queer way; his mouth hardened.

"Without a word he pushed past me, and his men followed him. The Chief paused in front of my canvas on its easel.

"'When did you do this pretty work?' he asked.

"'Last night,' I said. 'I don't know what made me. . . .'

"I had got as far as that when the Chief made a sign to his men, and, in a moment, they had slipped some handcuffs on me.

"'I shall have to take you up,' said the Chief gravely. 'Madame Schisgell was murdered last night. We found her this morning in the courtyard with her throat cut—just like that.'

"He pointed to my drawing."

• • •

AT this point my friend Karl paused with the instinct of a born narrator. I expressed my astonishment. Old Judge Brandt made a comment or two.

Then Karl went ahead.

"Well," he continued, "you will see at once what a devil of a mess I was in. I realised the position in a flash.

"Consternation, of course, showed on my face. I dare say I went pale. I know the perspiration started out on my forehead. I expect I looked the very picture of a murderer caught red-handed. I remember that the Chief's manner changed abruptly.

"Well, one of the policemen got a cab, and the other made a bundle of some of my clothes. They took me to the jail, just as I was, handcuffed, and in my dressing-gown. I was lucky to escape being lynched.

"It was a very quiet, peaceful little town, and the good burghers looked at me in the cab with horror and disgust. They rise early in such towns, and the word had gone round all about the old miser's murder.

"I'm not sure I wasn't the first citizen ever to be arrested for murder. Anyway, it caused a frightful commotion. You will remember that this was about forty years ago.

"Of course, I got a lawyer. He did not seem very hopeful, but in the end I think I convinced him that my story was true.

"I never expected to be believed, and my acceptance of the beastly position I was in went a long way with the more intelligent people in the town. Judge Brandt, here, was favourably impressed in just that way.

"Unfortunately, there were not too many intelligent people in the town. There never are. Things looked very black for me. The picture was produced in court; and, of course, everybody said:

"'How could I have painted that picture, showing the old woman murdered, exactly as she was found, unless I had done the thing myself?'

"If only I'd drawn the murderer properly there might have been a little hope. If I'd sketched in a face quite plainly. But, as I've told you, that face escaped me. The figure was only roughed in

"My story sounded more and more feeble every time it was repeated.

"Mean old Mother Schisgell had never been popular in her life; but, in death, it was extraordinary the amount of sympathy she aroused.

"I certainly did not want to be hanged, even for a murder I hadn't done.

"There was a girl, too. I've forgotten her name, but I remember she had blue eyes, pale, gold hair, and freckles. I thought her then the loveliest thing in life.

"When she never came to the prison to see me I felt that the sooner I was killed and put out of the way the better.

"As I have said, I was very young. I had thought that she would believe me though all others thought I was a murderer. Hadn't she known my very soul in a way that no one else had ever known it? Hadn't we sworn to love for ever?

"Yes, I was very young. The girl naturally sided with her parents, and took the opinions of the majority. Any young, rather stupid, girl would.

"At the time the thing nearly broke my heart. Afterwards she wanted to . . . But I left the town afterwards for ever.

"Well, to continue the main story. My trial came on, and, of course, it went against me. Judge Brandt was the judge. He says that he always did believe in me.

"Of course, there was *something* in my case. Why should anyone murder a woman and then draw a picture which, if discovered, would put a rope round his neck?

"My poor devil of a lawyer made the most he could of the point, but it did not carry much weight. The prosecution said that I'd had enough to drink to make me reckless. They spoke of the 'morbidity' of the 'artistic murderer type.'

"They showed me gloating over my deed and secretly trying to make a great picture out of the horror—a picture which, of course, I would have locked away and hidden had not the police called so quickly and caught me in a semi-drunken sleep.

"Naturally they had an easy case. They had no difficulty in proving that I was hard up and was always getting a bit of a mess for money. I think they discovered I'd once had a row with old Mother Schisgell.

"In any case, my lawyer hadn't a chance. Judge Brandt, whatever his private feelings might have been, hadn't a chance to save me. The jury brought me in guilty, and were only five minutes in finding the verdict.

"JUDGE BRANDT had the painful duty of sentencing me to death.

"Well, you can imagine my feelings in the cell. I won't go into details. It was an old-fashioned, in fact ancient, cell. I could look out through the bars, across the sleepy little market-square.

"I used to gaze out at the sunlight on the cobblestones and wonder how many more times I would see the sun rise and sink.

"And then there happened the remarkable thing which saved my life.

"I have told you that on that first night I was obsessed with the idea of a picture. When I first started to work I had not only seen old Mother Schisgell plainly, but I had caught a fairly clear mental image of her murderer as well. As I worked the picture gradually blurred. The murderer's face vanished.

"But all through my imprisonment and trial I had been desperately groping in my mind for that elusive face. If only I could recall it.

"I hoped and prayed for a revealing dream. I felt somehow that I knew this face quite well, but always it escaped me.

"Then, as I gazed through the prison bars one morning I saw the figure of a man across the little square. He was a butcher. I knew him perfectly well by sight.

"And suddenly, as I watched his movements, rather indifferently, he turned and looked straight in my direction. *It was the face!*

"In a flash I remembered every grotesque, horrible scene which had visited me before; I had the vision all over again.

"WELL, that was my salvation, and it came just in the nick of time. A message to my lawyer brought him to the cell. I told him of my new experience, and told him of the butcher. Whether the lawyer believed me or not, he thoroughly tried out my story.

"Aided by my old friend Judge Brandt, my lawyer had that butcher watched day and night. He was discovered the very next evening digging up some money and valuables of Mother Schisgell, which he had buried by the banks of the river. When arrested he confessed that he was the real murderer."

My friend Karl knocked out his pipe and stretched himself.

"That's my story," he said. "And the judge here can answer for it. Of course, I was released from prison.

"My dear fellow-citizens wanted to make quite a hero of me, but I'd had enough of them. I left the place three hours after I was released, and have never seen it since."

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by

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1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¼ lb Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking Powder. ½ lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ¼ Nutmeg. 1 egrspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well-beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora. 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb chopped Raisins. ½ lb. Citron Peel. ½ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ½ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ½ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped).

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The Clutching Hands

Human Documents

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

MY heart is slowly breaking. I am a young married woman whose husband, six years ago, was sent to prison for theft.

He had been caught taking raw material out of the workshop and selling it to dealers.

I was in a maternity ward, very ill with my first baby, and I thought the shock would have killed me.

How I lived, alone and in poverty with my infant during the time of his sentence, I scarcely know.

At last he came home, and somehow we struggled through twelve awful months of unemployment. Then he was given his chance in a job under the local corporation.

The new post is small and so are the wages, but it is regular and it is pensionable. The trouble is it gives my husband access to the domestic stores.

Still, he seemed cured of his propensity for stealing until last year, when again I was taken to hospital.

On coming home I was horrified to find my cupboards crowded with things I knew did not belong to us.

There were soaps, polishes and scrubbing-brushes, more than we could ever use.

In a panic, I seized what I could and threw them on the fire, while a vision floated before my eyes of my husband again being dragged off to prison and my children disgraced.

There was an awful quarrel, in which my husband called me every kind of a fool, urging in his own defence that everybody stole when they could—it was all a matter of opportunity.

Things are now getting beyond me. My husband is risking bringing bigger things from the store, and my little girl, taking all in with eyes and ears, has started following suit.

She brought home a good pencil which belongs to a teacher. When it dropped out of her sleeve where she had hidden it, I made her take it back. But I am terrified of the future and would value your advice.

"HUMANIST" says: You will be obliged to take someone of local influence into your confidence, preferably the missionary attached to the police-court.

If the kindly intervention of this official fails of effect, there is nothing for it but allow your husband to take his own course and end where he is heading for—the dock.

LAW-MADE MISERY

and a way out

A WIDOWER left with four babies, I am keenly desirous of marrying a good girl who would mother the lot. But this is her story.

Some time ago this girl was engaged to marry a soldier who had a good staff job. He did not propose marriage until he knew for certain that a child was on the way. Then the marriage took place.

In less than six weeks this wretch stole his wife's marriage certificate one night when she was sleeping, deserted his regiment, and disappeared, leaving no trace.

It transpires that he was well known as a betrayer of women, and it is suggested that he may have committed bigamy in marrying this girl, and is using her marriage certificate to cover an alliance with another woman.

As his character became clear to her, his wife nearly lost her reason. She was homeless and friendless, and my mother took her in and nursed her when the baby was born prematurely.

All affection she ever felt for the father of her child has long since turned to hate, and all she desires now is to be free of him.

I want to marry her, and she, looking upon five helpless small children, one without a father and four who are motherless, recognises the good thing it would be for the lot if we two could join hands.

Is there anything you can suggest to give us freedom to find happiness?

"HUMANIST" says: Yours is one of a number of similar cases I deal with daily, owing to the miserable and idiotic law that will not allow freedom for complete desertion.

But if it is a case of bigamy the police can assist you. Then there is no need for divorce.

DRINK-MAD BRUTE

terrorises a family

A FARMER'S wife, I help with butter and eggs and other sidelines to make ends meet. We managed comfortably until my husband engaged a man to do odd jobs.

The man was a big, hulking brute, and terribly addicted to drink. No sooner were his wages paid than he was off to the village inn.

He would come back on Monday morning still in an intoxicated condition, and when I went into the garden, insisted upon taking my attention to his work as a personal interest in himself.

When I indignantly repulsed him, he swore to have revenge, and came round to the house, using filthy language.

When my husband ran up, the fellow turned on him, cursing and swearing that I was really his property. I had only thrown him over for my husband because I deemed him better able to feather a good nest.

My husband ordered him off, but he rushed up to the window and smashed them, shrieking that he would "get his own woman back or die in the attempt."

The sequel was heard in the police-court, but the man pleaded guilty, and asked for forgiveness as he was under the influence of liquor and did not know what he was about. He was let off with a caution and a fine.

This leniency is having a terrible effect, for the man never ceases pestering us to be taken back. When I refuse he goes into the village and spreads the most unpleasant rumours.

Hints are flying that the man has a genuine grievance because my husband paid him only skinflint wages, while more than one woman has remarked to me, "I hear that you and he courted before you met your husband," or "He says he will swing for you yet."

The whole thing is so on my nerves that my health is likely to be wrecked, and my children are afraid to go out because this man threatens them.

"HUMANIST" says: Terrorism of this sort is against the law. Take your case again to court, and if you can substantiate your statements, you may rely upon it that the man will be bound over to keep the peace.

HAVE A STRANGLEHOL ON A HOME

The CODE'S the Thing!

The reputation of our Football Expert grows week by week. In his last-minute coded selections, covering play on November 15, eight out of nine matches resulted as he forecast. Follow the code—it's the latest football fashion!

FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR NOV. 29—by OUR OWN EXPERT

ENGLISH CUP.—Round 1.

(1) WELLINGTON v. Wombwell.
(2) ROCHDALE v. Doncaster.
*(3) TRANMERE v. Gateshead.
(4) WREXHAM v. Wigan.
(5) Hartlepools v. STOCKPORT.
(6) ACCRINGTON v. Lancaster.
*(7) YORK v. Gresley Rovers.
(8) Chesterfield v. NOTTS.
*(9) GAINSBOROUGH v. Scunthorpe.
*(10) CREWE v. Jarrow.
**(11) LINCOLN v. Barrow.
(12) CARLISLE v. New Brighton.
(13) SOUTHPORT v. Darlington.
(14) Walsall v. BOSCOMBE.
(15) ALDERSHOT v. Peterborough.
(16) Folkestone v. SITTINGBOURNE.
(17) Norwich v. SWINDON.
(18) LUTON v. Clapton Orient.
(19) Walthamstow v. WATFORD.
(20) NORTHFLEET v. Exeter.
(21) Dulwich v. NEWPORT.
*(22) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Taunton.
(23) Tunbridge Wells v. KINGSTONIAN.
*(24) FULHAM v. Wimbledon.
(25) Ilford v. BRENTFORD.
(26) NORTHAMPTON v. Coventry.
*(27) GILLINGHAM v. Guildford.
*(28) BRISTOL R. v. Merthyr.
(29) Q.P. RANGERS v. Thames.
(30) SOUTHEND v. Torquay.
(31) HALIFAX v. Mansfield.
(32) Nelson v. Workington or Manchester Central.
(33) Scarborough or West Stanley v. Rhyl.
(34) Newark v. Rotherham.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) GRIMSBY v. Leeds.
(2) ASTON VILLA v. Portsmouth.
(3) BOLTON v. Birmingham.
(4) Chelsea v. Arsenal.
(5) WEST HAM v. Leicester.
(6) Liverpool v. Sheffield U.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Sunderland.
(8) Middlesbrough v. DERBY.
(9) NEWCASTLE v. Blackburn.
**(10) WEDNESDAY v. Blackpool.
**(11) HUDDERSFIELD v. Manchester C.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) PRESTON v. Bradford C.
(2) Bradford v. EVERTON.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Ca[illegible]
**(4) BURNLEY v. Charlton.
*(5) MILLWALL v. Plymouth.
(6) Notts Forest v. W.B. ALBION.
(7) OLDHAM v. Swansea.
(8) READING v. Bristol C.
*(9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Barn[illegible]
(10) Stoke v. Bury.
(11) HOTSPUR v. Port Vale.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) East Fife v. FALKIRK.
(2) ABERDEEN v. Morton.
**(3) RANGERS v. Clyde.
(4) Airdrie v. COWDENBEATH.
(5) Ayr United v. MOTHERWELL.
(6) CELTIC v. Dundee.
**(7) HAMILTON v. Hibernian.
(8) HEARTS v. St. Mirren.
(9) KILMARNOCK v. Queen's [illegible]
(10) Leith v. PARTICK.

This Week's Star

W'l chead of Sheffield United—W. Gillespie

Example Code.—Div. I.—10[illegible] Div. II.—4(*H*), 9(*H*): Scottish League 7(*H*), 10(*A*) would indicate Wednesday, Huddersfield, Burnley, Southampton, Rangers, Hamilton and Partick.

WINNERS IN CODE

As [illegible] players [illegible] sequence [illegible] tions [illegible] may [illegible] chance [illegible] ent cl[illegible] pub[illegible] minute[illegible] specia[illegible] in [illegible] *Daily* [illegible] *Sport*[illegible] Friday[illegible]

Divis[illegible] a [illegible] numbe[illegible] quoted [illegible] abo[illegible] toget[illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] team.

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This method is known as the Tremol System of Treatment for Bad Legs. Under this powerful System every sufferer receives individual attention and the Treatment is specially prepared according to the needs of the case. Without any resting in bed and without any absence from work, patients can carry out the Treatment in their own homes and soundly heal their leg trouble at their own fireside. Only a few minutes daily are required to apply the Treatment with complete success. And this is not all. Every form of Bad Leg succumbs to this treatment. Varicose Ulcers melt away, and, even when combined with Varicose Veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes, Skin afflictions die away, and swollen and painful legs become painless. Inflammation, burning, and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SKIN DISEASE, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—No More Sleepless Nights—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Able to Enjoy Life—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. LET EVERY SUFFERER REMEMBER THIS:—

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME.
HEALS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.
ENABLES YOU TO WORK IN COMFORT.
RELIEVES YOU FROM ALL LEG WORRY.
TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
BRINGS BETTER HEALTH AND ITS SUCCESS IS CERTAIN AND LASTING.

Full particulars of this powerful Home Treatment are sent free of charge to all bad leg sufferers, together with a beautiful Album of Coloured Plates showing how the Treatment cures, and a List of Cured Cases in your own district. Sufferers also receive, entirely free of charge, a valuable illustrated book entitled "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why." Written by a Staff of Bad Leg Specialists, the Book is chockful of sound practical advice and information of tremendous importance to sufferers. It deals with every form of bad leg and shows how to bring about a speedy and lasting cure, even when all other treatments have failed. As the edition is limited and when exhausted will not be reissued, sufferers desiring a free copy of this valuable book (price 3s. 6d.) should apply at once to prevent disappointment.

This is a chance not to be missed, and you should fill in the coupon and write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Ward B.L., GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER**, describing your case, and the BOOK, ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, and LIST OF CURED PATIENTS

WILL BE SENT FREE.

In addition to this great Free Offer to all who write, the National Infirmary willingly give free consultations to all bad leg sufferers who care to call. HOURS: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week-day (Sundays excepted).

Post this Coupon to us to-day, or call for Free Personal Consultation.

FREE COUPON (Ward B.L.)

National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me full particulars of the Tremol Treatment, the Beautiful Album, List of Cured Cases, and also the Valuable Book "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State Complaint .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

YOU CAN BANISH YOUR CATARRH AND HEAD NOISES

I WILL TELL YOU HOW free

CATARRH IS CURABLE! I KNOW it! I've PROVED it! And I'll prove it to YOU free of cost. Now! Never mind what you've already used. I tried and failed for years, but now I AM FREE and YOU can be—thanks to the important discovery that—

Catarrh is in the Colon—Not the Nose.

It's a new way—entirely DIFFERENT and SUCCESSFUL Approaches Catarrh from the CORRECT ANGLE—removes the CAUSE. Under its influence hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose blowing, heartburn, head-noises, nausea, dizziness and catarrhal headaches quickly and PERMANENTLY DISAPPEAR. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money. You can stop your catarrh suffering OVER-NIGHT!

Sneezing and nose-blowing make you objectionable to everyone near you. I will tell you how to stop both.

Catarrh is Dangerous.

CATARRH is DANGEROUS as well as UNPLEASANT. It induces mental and physical dullness undermines your health, and weakens your will. Neglected, it leads to serious throat diseases, deafness, gastritis, asthma, bronchitis and CONSUMPTION. Don't waste any more time or money on WORTHLESS INHALANTS, but ask me to tell you how you can get rid of your catarrh and head noises, not merely for a day, a week, a month, or a year, but permanently. Send no money—just tear out this announcement, write your name and address on its margin, and post to-day. No charge for the valuable information, and no obligation to act upon it.

Allan Cooper
109, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

J.B. 29/11/30

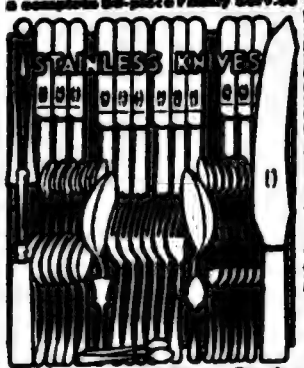
Have You Catarrh?
Does your nose feel stuffed up? Does mucus drop into your throat? Have you noises in the head? Is your hearing failing? Do you catch cold easily? Is your breath often-sive? Do you cough up phlegm? Is your throat sore? Is there a tickling in your throat? Is your memory poor? Do you get tired quickly?
Head Noises and Headaches are now unnecessary.

DONT SEND ONE PENNY

STAINLESS CUTLERY 4/-

WITH ORDER

Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, Sheer Steel Carvers, Columbian Silver Spoons & Forks, complete as a complete 50-piece Family Service



Service contains:
1 pr Double Sheer Steel Carvers.
1 ivorette handles.
6 Table Knives.
6 Dessert Knives.
6 Table Spoons.
6 Dessert Spoons.
6 Tea Spoons.
6 Egg Spoons.
6 Table Forks.
6 Dessert Forks.
1 Sugar Spoon.
1 pair Sugar Tongs.
1 Jam Spoon.
1 Salt Spoon.

50 PIECES 48/-

TERMS: 4/- now, and 4/- monthly.

The WORLD'S BEST VALUE.

The Graves 50-Piece Service is produced in our own Sheffield Factory, and every piece is of warranted excellence. The Stainless Knives have a keen edge and securely fitted with ivory-grained balanced handles. The Spoons and Forks are perfectly finished and wear white and silver-like all through. CATALOGUE POST FREE. Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, at the Keenest Prices and on Easy Payments Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM HAEMORRHOIDS?

OUR FREE OFFER

If you are suffering the tortures of Piles, send at once for the Magic Pile Cure, which for a limited period is being offered FREE OF CHARGE. The curative, healing action of this remedy on the inflamed and swollen parts is felt with the first soothing application. There is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. We invite you to try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day to Magic Laboratories, M.N.22, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C., and a complete trial outfit will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

FREE CASH PRIZES.

£68 Cash Prizes for "Limerick" last lines. 1st prize of £30; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 31. Read conditions carefully. Note the closing date, which is Wednesday, December 10. Send your attempt NOW! Mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts. Enter at once!

If you want to bet on

RACING

or

FOOTBALL

Take our advice and bet with

"THE BIG TWO"

They are as

"SAFE AS THE BANK"

The "Challenger" (Credit) Football Coupons are the Finest in the country

BIG ODDS
20/- in the £
GUARANTEED

Write To-day for Lists to

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.)
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2.

REDUCE YOUR CONVALESCENCE

Many a serious illness owes its origin to convalescence from some quite minor ailment. Convalescence is a danger period, when strength is low and bodily resistance weakened. Then any exposure, any undue fatigue may have serious consequences.

So many doctors have for years recommended a simple way to shorten convalescence and hasten the restoring of full strength and vigour. What they advise is the taking of that famous tonic wine, Wincarnis.

In every bottle of Wincarnis are the salts of 2½ lbs. of grapes with the strengthening properties and the vitamins of pure meat and malt extracts. Its flavour is so delicious as to appeal to the convalescent's capricious appetite. It stimulates digestion, soothes irritable nerves and brings new vigour and vitality.

Try Wincarnis to-day. It is backed by more than 18,000 recommendations from medical men for convalescence from any illness, for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, and all sorts of run-down conditions.

TO STOP A COUGH OR COLD QUICKLY.

Any doctor or chemist will tell you that there is nothing to equal Honey Syrup, Squills and Tolu for checking a cough or cold promptly. For many years these old-time ingredients have been effectively used and 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup combines them in a form which gives wonderful ease and relief with the very first dose. This instant action is due to antiseptic pine fumes which pervade the chest and lungs, destroying harmful germs and soothing inflamed membranes, while pure Honey stops throat soreness and strain. Young and old alike find 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup wonderfully effective. Get a bottle of this instant-action bronchial remedy to-day! It costs but 1s. 6d. at any chemist, and a few doses will completely overcome your cough, cold or sore throat, and prevent infection spreading to other members of your family.

Our Letter Parliament

The Man—or Woman—I'D LIKE TO BE!

I LOVE popularity; therefore, I should like to be the Duchess of York, the most popular lady in the land.

Happy wife, happy mother, with a smile like summer sunshine, a gentle disposition, and a personality excelled by none.

I should, of course, attend many Court ceremonies, balls, dinners, theatres and race-meetings.

I should dutifully open innumerable bazaars, launch ships, and lay many foundation-stones; but all the time my thoughts would be with the babies at home.—*Popularity, Ringwood.*

At the Top

Lord Baden-Powell, easily the world's greatest peacemaker. He has always preached the brotherhood of all mankind, and is inculcating that spirit into Scouts from every land.

To win the love, affection and respect of the world's youth is surely the apex of all that is noble and good.—*Beta, York.*

Adored—Loved

He is poor, obscure, with only a local sphere and a small circle of friends.

He is ever ready with a nod and a smile, a friendly laugh, a word of advice, a helping hand.

His wife worships him, his children adore him, his friends love him.

His name will never ring through the world, nor down through the ages. Yet he is my ideal.

He's my dad.—*The Eldest, Glasgow.*

The Crucible

You know him well—the man I want to be like.

He's a tornado, a driving-force, a consuming flame, a stand-no-nonsense friend.

First he hammers wisdom into you. Next he compels you to sit quietly and think. Then you are put going again with dross burned from your spirit.

Courage and strength he whips into you; indolence is lashed out.

But is my pattern a man or a woman? Our editor calls him "The Human Machine."—*Marie Guest, York.*

Supreme

I am a man—at least I hope so. I am master. Not in my own household; there I am a partner. Not in power; I have little. Not in money; I have less—but master of my own conscience.

I try to control my thoughts to think right; I try to control my actions to act right. Therefore I'm happy.

It's great to hold power; it's great to hold riches; but it's supreme to hold happiness, whether millionaire or pauper, celebrity or nonentity—and I am supreme, because happiness I hold.

So conscience answers—just myself.—*E. W. Henry, Folcshill.*

Millions of Friends

The Prince of Wales; not for the sake of being a prince or because of his income, but just to know that I could look upon millions of people in this world as my friends, and know that wherever I went I had the good wishes of the British Empire.—*Rob Roy, Saltcoats.*

Full Life

I'd like to be the woman my mother is, whose greatest joy is sacrifice, living more for others than for herself.

She delights in helping lame dogs over stiles, and neighbours turn to her in any trouble.

I'd like to be the woman my mother is, when troubles and disappointments come, being full of grit and courage and never losing faith in God.

If I can be the woman my mother is, I shall not have lived in vain.—*Flora, Abercynon.*

A Pipeful

Just plain, good-tempered Mr. Baldwin. To have a temperament that can face the blaring and backbiting of three or four "great" newspapers, all supposed to be his friends, without a qualm or show of anger, is something very much to be envied.

Then if I were Mr. Baldwin I should always have enough money to satisfy my love of tobacco.—*D. Gruad, Salop.*

Before the Beak

A metropolitan magistrate. He has a most interesting life, coming into close contact with all kinds of human beings.

He has before him daily scenes of tragedy and comedy, and often, in administering the law and dealing out justice, he is able to give good advice and practical help to some poor down-and-out whose early good intentions have gone wrong.—*T. R. Jones, Cheshire.*

Poor "Subs"!

I'd like to be the Editor of JOHN BULL. No "Monday morning" feeling for him.

I picture him arriving at Long Acre with a shiny topper and a gardenia co... pierce ignoring the queu... of journalists, crime investigators, fumi... politicians, and others a... beaming gra... ously on ... army of attra... tive typists ... waiting for ... word "Go".

He reels ... a score or so ... pertinent pa... graphs on ... events of ... day and ... morrow; a ... Candid Co... munications ... kings, duke... and vagabond... interviews a dozen quaking sub-editors, dashes off replies, flippant but never malicious; and at four o'clock puts on his hat, and spends the rest of the we... playing golf.—*L. J. W., Hampstead, N...*

[*In that paradise, so would we.* Ed.

What a Mess!

I'd like to be myself—unrestrained by convention and the necessity of being polite to bread-and-butter providers able to speak my mind without fear of consequences.

What a glorious ideal and what a glorious mess would probably result!

I wouldn't be lazy. I would deluge editors with remedial treatises on curing unemployment, crushing dope-traffickers, arresting the decay of national morals and teeth, and so forth.

Oh, I should improve the world, ... having shaken hands with King Geo... Ras Tafari, Carnera—(no ... laugh ... —and myself, I'd get up, shave ... clock on for another day's toil.—*P. T. Robson, Bradford.*

Burnt Boats

I would like to have enough cour... to throw up my job—which I detest ... and strive for independence in a ... ness of my own.

I would like to possess the ener... steadfastness and trust that would p... mit me to burn my boats and embark on a new life.

Lack of these attributes condemns ... to a hand-to-mouth existence with ... status, and at the end—wh... —*E... Ward, London, S.E.*

Sister's Smile

I'd wish to be like a sister ... one the biggest London hospitals. She ... pretty, but yet she has a beautiful ... a good face.

Whatever your pain, it seemed to ... eased when she came near with ... loving touch and smile.

We never went to sleep until ... had been to give us her good-night ... and cheerful "God bless ... —*J. ... Bletchley.*

All Change

I'd like to be the man my child... think I am.—*E. Graves, Hull.*

The mother-in-law who is treated ... pal by the son's wife, and not ... jealous-minded old cat.—*J. L., Tot... ham, N.*

A man with enough money to ... all the poor devils I see.—*W. L. H... wood, Birmingham.*

I would like to be my father, bec... he is married to my mother.—*A. ... Brooks Bar.*

The one to find a cure for cancer.—*G. G. H., Crewe.*

ORIGINAL letters upon this subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December ...

Back to the Land for Me?

Race with "Silver Ring"

A LEG-UP *for the* JUMPS

A FRICORN twice (10 to 1 and 6 to 1), Pinnacle (8 to 1), Sprint (5 to 1), Western Flier (5 to 1), and Turtle Soup ended the flat-racing season for the JOHN BULL Code selections with a flourish of trumpets.

I hope we do as well over the sticks. Anyway, I shall endeavour to send out the right information.

A number of readers have asked already for a dozen to follow at the winter game.

I can put up several of the old favourites, whom I know are in good work at their training establishments, but I prefer to wait until I have attended a few more N.H. meetings.

The "Tote," now it is well under way, will give the campaign a good leg-up. It is also a pleasing sign to see the number of useful flat-racers which are being put to the game.

I mentioned Duller's group last week. Lord Woolavington's Rattlin The Reefer is shaping well at Gore's establishment.

Barbizon is at Hednesford, and Lord Glanely's Burgee has been sent to Ivor Anthony at Wroughton.

Altogether, I think we are in for better times.

The system of horses for courses has a good following. This week I have compiled a list of trainers for courses, which I think most backers will find useful for their notebooks:

Birmingham—H. Harrison and W. Payne.

Cheltenham—Piggott and Newey.

Hurst Park, Kempton and Sandown—Frank Hartigan.

Leicester—Lyall and Foljambe.

Manchester and Haydock—Coulthwaite and Irish trainers.

Newbury—East.

Walter Nightingall is the Saturday specialist at the park courses, and I do not specify any particular track for Jack Anthony or George Duller.

Winners are not easy to spot at Newbury, but I shall probably have some late news, which will be broadcast *via* the Code. In the meantime I suggest Essex Beacon and Alike for the Saturday "double."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 27, to Wednesday, December 3.

A	S	3	O	E	J	W	G	P	X	C	Z	R	H	L
9	I	K	2	F	M	D	V	Y	B	Q	5	T	N	U

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

393LINSH would read KAKUSHIN.

"SILVER RING."

DO YOU SUFFER

INDIGESTION
POOR BLOOD
PALENESS
NERVOUS TROUBLES
ANÆMIA
INSOMNIA
LACK OF STAMINA
LOSS OF WEIGHT

OUR GREAT OFFER

Nine times out of ten these ailments arise because your system lacks strength and your food brings you no benefit. To restore STRENGTH and the normal working of your system there is nothing better than a Sargol tablet with each meal. Sargol RESTORES STRENGTH, corrects digestion, invigorates the blood so that it carries nourishment to every part of the body, repairing wasted nerves and tissues. It is a concentrated food which increases all food values, tones up the whole system, and builds Health and Strength naturally. A practical test is worth more to you than testimonials. Therefore cut out the coupon below.

SARGOL

RESTORES HEALTH and STRENGTH

—FREE TRIAL COUPON— (J.B.)

Send this coupon, and 1½d. stamp to cover postage, for a large Free Trial Box. Not available to readers in Irish Free State, the Colonies, and Abroad. Only one Trial Box will be sent to each family.

Write your Name and full Address plainly.

THE SARGOL COMPANY, LTD.,
4, Henry Buildings, Grosse St., London, W.1

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post at once in sealed envelope, use 1½d. stamp. Applications will be despatched in strict rotation.

ECHOES OF THE GREAT WAR

During the war not only did people work and fight but many were exposed to the risk of Venereal infection. Some of these people attended for treatment until symptoms disappeared and then thought themselves cured.

Unfortunately, Syphilis can be passed on to children by parents who are themselves showing no symptoms, and it is most important that such children be tested and, if need be, treated.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in this. The shame lies rather in allowing children to become handicapped for life, when treatment can cure.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained by writing to the Medical Secretary, Dept. P., British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station). The Medical Secretary will interview callers free of charge at the above address on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 9d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

£1,000 Given Away

IN CASH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

Either of these Coupons may win you a . . .

BIG CASH PRIZE

Make a sentence of not less than four and not more than twelve words which includes the words quoted on the first line of each Clublet Coupon.
Write your sentence in the space marked

"Navy Clublet"

and fill in your name and address.
You can make as many attempts as you wish every month. Additional Clublet coupons sent on receipt of addressed envelope.

Prizes of £10, £25, £50 or £100

will be awarded monthly according to merit for all Clublets selected for use in our advertisements. No one connected with the firm allowed to compete.
Every Navy Clublet attempt must be accompanied by the front panel of a 20, or two of a 10 Packet of Navy Club cigarettes. Ask your tobacconist to-day for your first packet of Fabians'

NAVY CLUB
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
Of all Good Cigarettes the Best.

Every Tobacconist whose customer wins a cash prize will receive a sum equal to 1/10th of the prize-money awarded.

(Use this in your sentence) ALWAYS FIRST .....

NAVY CLUBLET .....

.....

.....

Name .....
SURNAME FIRST, PLEASE, IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

(Use this in your sentence) BEST VALUE .....

NAVY CLUBLET .....

.....

.....

Name .....
SURNAME FIRST, PLEASE, IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

Navy Club VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

You can send as many attempts as you wish, all in one envelope during any month. Winners will be informed the following month.

If you are not successful in winning a cash prize the first month try again the next. In any case the Free Gift coupons from the packets will bring you a valuable prize according to your choice. Many valuable Gifts from 10 coupons upwards.

Send all Clublet attempts to :—

L. & J. FABIAN (Clublets Dept. No. C.B.32), 74, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

RHEUMATISM

THOSE FIRST SHARP TWINGES —watch these symptoms carefully!

RHEUMATISM may be called the most cruel of health troubles. It will not let you alone. Once let the impurities and poisons that start rheumatism find a place in your blood and your danger—serious danger—has started.

The short, sharp "mystery" pains which just worry you to-day will become the agonising day and night torture of to-morrow. You must fight rheumatism all the time. Give the dread enemy no chance to wear you out, weaken your heart and make you a bundle of irritated nerves.

To those who are tortured by lumbago, sciatica or the dreadful scourge of rheumatism, we clearly state it is no use rubbing your body with ointments when the trouble is in your blood. Until you prompt your kidneys to filter out the pain-giving poisons you cannot hope to be rid of body and nerve-racking pain. The quickest, surest means of banishing chronic backache, lumbago, sciatica or rheumatic pains is a short course of the world-famous, forty-year-old remedy, De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

There is no need to waste money on unknown preparations. For your own sake—that is, if you wish to get back health quickly—refuse all substitutes. We are convinced that by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, regularly, your suffering will quickly end. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 2/- per bottle. They can also be taken by the youngest child and the weakest and feeblest.

Read just this one letter given here. Think—this is just one case of thousands, telling of pain ended, thanks to De Witt's Pills. We wish we could show you all these wonderful reports—you would not suffer a day longer.

Mrs. H. James, of 211, Queen's Park Rd., Brighton, says:—"*Some years ago I was attacked by severe Rheumatism in my muscles and joints. Fortunately I saw an advertisement for your wonderful De Witt's Pills. I tried some and noticed good results from the first few doses. After taking three small bottles my Rheumatism completely vanished and I am now in excellent health.*"

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

LATEST WINTER COAT

Trimmed REAL NUTRIA LAMB FUR COLLAR & CUFFS

2'6 now

Owing to the enormous demand for this model, which is trimmed with REAL NUTRIA LAMB FUR at 29/11, we have now arranged to supply this coat in either wool faced cloth or velour to suit all tastes. The coat is smartly cut with slightly shaped back and lined throughout with Art. Silk.
COLOURS: Navy, Brown, Wine, Green, Black. When ordering please state first and second choice of colour and material and give length, bust and hip measures (O.S. 4/- extra). No more to pay for a month. Monthly instalments of 5/-.

FULL PRICE 29/11

VELVETEEN FROCK BARGAIN

YOURS FOR **1/6**

CHIFFON FINISH
Fast Pile Velveteen Frock

This beautiful well made garment is splendid Velveteen is a REAL BARGAIN at 17/11. The flare skirt is cut on to long bodice which is trimmed with dainty LACE collar and cuffs and finished three small buttons. COLOURS: Wine, Almond, New Blue, Nut Brown, Navy, Black. LENGTHS: 38", 40", 42", 44". O.S. (Bust 46"), 42", 44", 46", 48" 4/- extra. No more to pay for a month. Monthly instalments of 3/6.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OR CALL at our Regent St. Showroom where we have a wonderful selection of very attractive bargains trimmed NUTRIA LAMB or OPOSSUM FURS ready for immediate delivery.

FULL PRICE 17/11

BARGAIN COUPON.
COAT No. C118. FROCK No. 315.
Please send on approval your Bargain Coat. Frock.
(Please cut garment not required.)
Length ..... Colour .....
I enclose my deposit, together with 6d. to cover part postage, and agree to pay balance of price in one sum or instalments as stated above per month. If I am dissatisfied and return the garment unworn within 3 days you will refund my deposit. I enclose with this coupon my name and full address and Postal Order crossed / /. Post to:—

John Sterling
Sterling Value for your Money!
Triumph House, 189 Regent Street, London, W.1

MY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SHOWS ALL KINDS OF MODELS from 1/- WEEKLY

Free Gift of Records, Album & Needles

I will gladly send any Gramophone and Records ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.
Thousands of instruments in stock, including Consoles in Oak and Mahogany, Table Grand, etc. You choose your own Records. Delivery at once. Lowest cash prices, or easy terms to suit your pocket.

TESTIMONIALS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Chas. T. Robey
THE MUSICAL MAN 28 COVENTRY

WRITE FOR FREE ART CATALOGUE NOW

RHEUMATIC AILMENTS

"ACID PROBLEM" CONQUERED AT LAST!

300 Doctors Achieve Important Successes

10,000 FREE TRIAL SUPPLIES FOR READERS

THE baffling "acid problem" of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Arthritis, Sciatica, etc., has been conquered at last, and already over 300 doctors are using and prescribing the new discovery, 'CURICONES,' with great success.

In order to spread this welcome news far and wide 10,000 *Free Home Trial Treatments* are now ready to send to all sufferers who apply by post.

EVEN CASES THOUGHT HOPELESS

Advanced and chronic Rheumatism, Lumbago and Backache; severe Neuritis; stiff, inflamed and swollen joints; stabbing nerves—cases thought beyond hope are yielding to the new treatment, *no matter what the first cause*, without the slightest trouble or inconvenience.

The action of 'CURICONES' is direct, simple, *safe* and certain. They do not interfere with the heart, nerves or digestion. In fact, they *improve* the general health from the first dose as they work through the blood-stream—ridding it of poisons & acids.

Some of the sharp-pointed Uric, Hippuric and Lactic Acid Crystals which cause the agony in Rheumatic ailments, "CURICONES" dispel them!

Some of Our Distinguished Patrons

The Rev. the Marquis of Normanby.
Dean Monahan.
The Countess of Moray.
Countess Harrington.
Viscountess Portman.
Lady D'Arcy Osborne.
Viscount Hawarden.
Judge Thomas.
Marchioness of Aberdeen.
Lady Seaford.
The Hon. Mrs. Grant.
The Hon. Mrs. Guinness.
Lady De L'Isle.

THE FREE OFFER

Send the form below for a liberal trial supply of 'CURICONES' and the important booklet describing the new discovery, HOW and WHY it conquers all Rheumatic Ailments, and an extraordinary number of Medical Endorsements from leading Physicians, **absolutely free of charge.**

SEND NO MONEY

SIMPLY POST TO-DAY

To STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., LTD.,
Mftg. Chemists, Dept. J.B.
19-21, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send your "Discovery" Book and Trial Supply of "Curicones" FREE.

Name ....

Address .....

.....

JB

ENTER NOW for John Bull's £600

HERE is an open invitation to enter for "John Bull's" great £600 First. It is not hard labour filling in the squares, and it is safe to say your efforts won't be useless if you bag this splendid prize. This is a crib that even a beginner can crack. Somebody is going to get away with "John Bull's" bullion this week—why shouldn't that "somebody" be you?

An extra £50 for runners up

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 92 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every cash prize winner in this contest will also receive an extra double award of a "John Bull" Turkey and a 12/6 Christmas Cake.

'XTRA XMAS X-WORD PRIZES

IN addition to the £650 Cash prizes, we shall award an extra double prize of "JOHN BULL" Turkey and a 12/6 Christmas Cake to every prize winner in this week's contest.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE NEXT WEEK!

must-be-won X-Word

Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), December 4th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 11th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 18th.

Closing Date. Thursday (Noon), December 4th.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN **ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in **BLOCK CAPITALS.** Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 92), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **December 4th.**

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, December 18th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, December 23rd,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

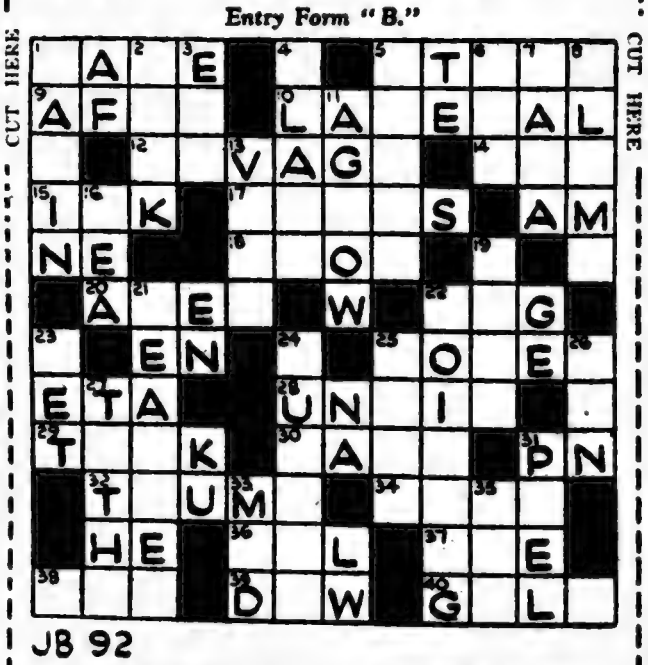
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 92

Entry Form "A."

JB 92

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 92

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), December 4th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

1. SMALL CHILD.
5. YOU PUT ON A LETTER
9. DISTANT.
10. BELONGING TO THE SEA
12. USE VIOLENCE
14. AUSTRALIAN BIRD
15. THE SAME.
17. ISLANDS.
18. "SALE" MAKES WORK OF THIS.
20. ENCLOSED SPACE
22. PULL.
25. BOOTS REQUIRE TO BE
28. UP TO THE TIME THAT
29. SOUND A CLOCK MAKES
30. POSTMAN DELIVERS THESE
32. YOU'VE ONE ON EACH FOOT
34. ASCEND.
36. AILING.
37. INDICATES MAIDEN NAME
38. BRIDE IS, IN CHURCH
39. MOISTURE.
40. THIS OFTEN CONSISTS OF A HOLIDAY.

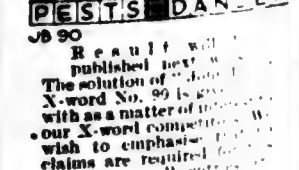
Clues Down.

1. HANDY IN A CAMP.
2. DOGS LOVE TO.
3. AN AGE.
4. ACCOMPANIES EXPLOSION.
5. DESCRIBES SIDE OF CLOTH
6. PART OF VERB
7. CHILD CALLS ITS MOTHER
8. POULTRY MAY BE
11. RED-HOT.
13. PASSPORT ENDORSEMENT
16. MEADOW.
19. OFTEN PART OF A SUIT
21. ARRIVED AT.
22. LABOURING.
23. SECURE.
24. MUDDLE.
25. ROUSE.
26. YOU'LL FIND IT IN A
27. A TENTH.
31. FRUIT-SKIN.
33. CENTRAL.
35. THE OCEAN.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary have been used in compiling this Puzzle.

Result of Crossword No. 92 appears on page 16.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No 90



JB 90

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 90 is given with as a matter of interest, as our X-word competitions wish to emphasise that claims are required for X-word, as all entries being carefully examined by our staff.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the £600 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should more than one newsagent share the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—£600 MUST BE WON.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The Editor REPLIES

Trainer (Newmarket).—"Racehorses often catch cold." So do punters.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

I. Y. (Woolwich).—"What does a 'better half' mean?" What she says.

ALF (Dorchester).—"Do you ever see pictures in the fire?" Rarely, we get far more poems than paintings.

R. A. (Chorley).—"Where are the geniuses of to-day?" Any proud parent will tell you.

H. G. (Bosworth).—"I have invented a hot-air machine." But do we want robot M.P.s?

R. F. (Goole).—"Where is the old stage-coach to-day?" Training young actresses.

H. G. (Hythe).—"Why shouldn't girls be girls?" No reason whatever—but why should women?

M. B. (Dover).—"My coal merchant is becoming very unbusinesslike." And are you getting slack, too?

G. S. (Bury).—"I strongly protest against the growing use of wigs." But have they any growing use?

JIM (Wandsworth).—"There is seven years of security before me." What jail?

ARTHUR (Southend).—"My wife is older than me." You dare not tell her so.

G. K. (Paddington).—"Wrestling is coming in again." That's the only way to put on a tight pullover.

D. P. (Bury).—"I negotiated a dangerous corner on two wheels." Where were you cycling to?

M. R. (Bodmin).—"Marriage makes a difference." However much the hearts may beat as one, the mouths will eat separately.

W. G. (Feltham).—"My daughter has just run away from home to see life." Never mind. She'll soon be glad to run away from life to see home.

J. McB. (Aberdeen).—"I was offered a trial run when looking over a new car at the motor show." So that's how you got home.

S. T. (Lambeth).—"A majority of political meetings seem to be held in public baths." But some of them won't wash.

TOM S. (Coventry).—"People say that the average man doesn't understand the first thing about marriage; but what is that first thing?" His wife.

B. V. (Bodmin).—"Women will never return to wasp-waists." No, they have had wider experience since the Victorian days.

E. N. (Wimbledon).—"I have just invented a gramophone which reproduces sounds which are practically inaudible to the human ear." The telephone has done this for a long time.

T. Y. (Neasden).—"A modern kinema should have a good orchestra, organ, a first-rate tea-room, modern tape machines and a cocktail bar." And no films!

F. J. (Milan).—"I regret that there are not more Mussolinis." But he doesn't.

V. S. (Woking).—"You won't find many people who can write an article like the enclosed." For which we are grateful.

GLADYS (Liverpool).—"I am a leading light in the film world." Showing people to their seats by the aid of an electric torch must be very monotonous.

G. D. (Ely).—"Give me pencil and paper and I will scribble for hours." Thanks for the warning.

V. P. (Wivenhoe).—"My wife is easily pleased." We notice you have enclosed your photo as a proof.

D. P. (Hitchin).—"I believe that second thoughts are best." Then why persist in sending us your first ones?

H. P. (Clacton).—"Every man's hand is against me." Then give up playing cards.

E. D. (Brixton).—"Do my letters often bore you?" No, only when we read them.

J. P. (Edinburgh).—"Beer has deteriorated, but lemonade is still lemonade." Unless it is aerated.

M. S. (Warwick).—"A German scientist has X-rayed a well-known politician's head." There's nothing in that!

J. L. M. (London, W.).—"A guide in Geneva conducts parties of politicians to the mouth of a dead volcano." But why a *dead* volcano?

J. D. S. (Hull).—"Five hundred comedians are making a living by sheer vulgarity." These, of course, are the gross figures.

D. R. (Eltham).—"I used to put something by for a rainy day." You would save more in this country by waiting for a fine day.

J. F. (Bath).—"My washerwoman takes part in our local amateur theatricals." She should be quite at home amongst the props.

J. D. (London).—"A zoo lioness devoured a brush the other day and died almost immediately." It made a clean sweep of her.

H. M. (New York).—"What can I do with a name like Mnoxpizyl?" You might hire it out to oculists for sight-testing purposes.

G. S. (Stowe).—"A man without a sense of duty is like a ship without a rudder." In other words, it's a stern necessity.

YANKEE (London, W.).—"I like a thick London fog." We can see very little in it.

J. K. (Penge).—"Women have no staying power." You forget visiting mothers-in-law.

C. H. (Enfield).—"She smuggled some perfume through the Customs." Putting the officials off the scent.

L. M. (London, W.).—"It is estimated that there are 1,400 different cocktails." Including many indifferent ones.

F. G. H. (Coventry).—"I passed an express train in my new car." Was it going the other way?

T. B. (Dewsbury).—"I want your advice as to how I should bequeath my money." Leave it to us.

VOCALIST (Balham).—"The song 'Drinking' is still a popular number to render at dinners." It goes down well.

C. B. (Corris).—"My wife is one of the old-fashioned sort." We bet she doesn't know you have written this.

ENGAGED (Ongar).—"My boy proposed to me on a star-lit night." And, of course, you accepted him in a twinkling.

COMMERCIAL (Dalston).—"At present I am travelling in refrigerators." Don't you find it cold?

L. N. (London, S.).—"I went straight home in a taxi." You must have had an unusual kind of a driver.

C. D. (Piccadilly).—"How do all the thousands of masseurs manage to live?" They just rub along.

D. C. (Leicester).—"Have you noticed the big shortage of halfpennies lately?" We have noticed a bigger shortage of pound notes.

D. K. (Hackney).—"A school for teaching parrots to talk has been started in London." Some of our M.P.s, however, are entirely self-trained.

F. G. (Richmond).—"My husband brought me home flowers, chocolates and perfume." Goodness! What *was* the row about?

A. G. F. (Manchester).—"To me this year Christmas Day will be no more than December 25." Not if you win one of those 100 *Bullets* Christmas-boxes which will be arriving that morning! See page 43.

J. R. (Derby).—"After the wedding ceremony bridegrooms sometimes rise and say a few words." Mostly, however, they remain seated, realising that they have already said too much.

CHEF (London, W.).—"I am working eighteen hours a day preparing fruit for my Christmas puddings. Very few people would like that." But small boys would love to be up to the eyes in it.

J. T. S. (Bristol).—"When do men require liquor most?" Just after closing time, we should say.

F. K. (Walthamstow).—"It is expensive to instal a central heating system." Yes. It's 12s. 6d. a bottle.

F. J. (Holborn).—"Most statues in London are not very cheerful-looking." Yet they divert the traffic.

SCIENTIST (Dawlish).—"In my opinion Professor Einstein is the greatest man living." Relatively speaking?

PRODUCER (London, W.).—"I intend introducing a really novel feature in my pantomime this season." What is it, a new joke?

O. B. (Ormskirk).—"My wife spends nearly all the housekeeping money on slimming." You must be having a thin time.

M. S. (Leeds).—"My husband has never in all his days done a good turn for another man." Oh, we shouldn't say that. He married you, didn't he?

REV. (Birkenhead).—"A spell of prison life can make criminals feel very miserable." We don't wonder, what with concert parties, folk dancing and one thing and another.

WRITER (Bath).—"An American schoolboy proposes to devote the proceeds of a novel he has written to the cost of the remainder of his education." Someone should tell those grown-up novelists.

G. D. (Deal).—"A man who was arrested, after a mail-bag robbery, with several registered letters in his pocket, told the police that he did not steal the bag." But he had evidently had a hand in it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cutting must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"They discovered him lying on his back ON THE SIDE OF A HOUSE."

BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH AND DENGIE HUNDRED ADVERTISER:—"Do not fail to MISS this great fight."

EVENING WORLD (Bristol):—"They were accused of attempting to STEAL MONEY from the lock of a door."

LEYTONSTONE EXPRESS:—"The honeymoon is being spent ON THE CHURCH WAR MEMORIAL."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"Aston Villa started their long run of DEFEATS by WINNING the season's opening game."

NORWICH EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"He was bound over to keep the PACE for twelve months."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Modern freehold Residences, all conveniences; NO deposit secures possession; balance as rent."

DEVON AND EXETER GAZETTE:—"It was decided to recommend that flag days be RESTRICTED to EIGHT during each WEEK."

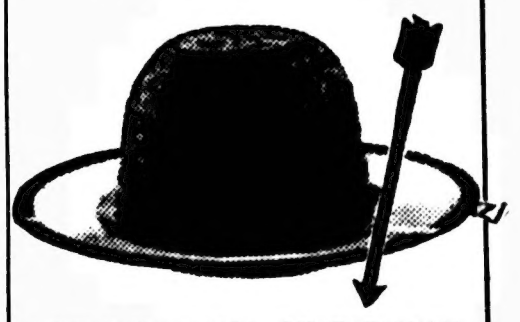
BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"The civilians had their clothing BURST while they were saving the goods."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Much damage was caused to the lorry, but the greater part of the ROAD was saved."

SUNDAY NEWS:—"The centre-half took a free kick and the ball SQUIRTED OFF the foot of —— into the net."

TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"Combined Room, ground floor, to LET; and also MAN as LODGER."

Make it *this way*



SCHOOLBOY PUDDING.

(Very similar to Christmas Pudding)

Your boy can make it himself. Take a 1 lb. jar of Robertson's Mincemeat, mix with three ounces of self-raising flour, place in a basin, steam or boil for 3 hours. This will make a delicious and nourishing pudding. Just the thing for growing boys and girls. Remember—*it must be* ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT ("Golden Shred" Brand) This contains the exact proportion of each ingredient to make a successful pudding.

Robertson's Mincemeat

GOLDEN SHRED BRAND

M.I.

"BULLETS" BECOME BRIGHTER

if you wisely study

THE WINNER

The Champion Competition Journal.

Every week this famous newspaper provides

GOLDEN ADVICE FOR "BULLETS"

by the world's greatest prize-winning experts. In **"THE WINNER"** you will quickly learn the secrets of success, as many others have done by following this unique guide.

This is Mr. Herbert Jones, of Liverpool, who won the **£300 First Prize in "Bullets" No. 779** (announced last week). Mr. Jones, who personally evolved his clever winning line, has been a reader of **"THE WINNER" ever since he first went in for competitions,** about 18 months ago. He states that **he finds the hints and comments in "THE WINNER" very useful in maintaining the right atmosphere.**

£2,500 "BULLETS" WINNER ALSO AN OLD READER OF THE WINNER

Miss A. Fryer, of Chatham, who recently gained the magnificent £2,500 "Bullets" prize, is also an old reader, and has

USED THE "WINNER" FREE ADVISORY

Service. This is **INVALUABLE** for literary competitors. In **"THE WINNER"** is printed an **ADVISORY FORM** on which you may write up to **12 "Bullets,"** and then submit same to the Editor for his **EXPERT OPINION.** Thus you can quickly discover the merit of your "BULLETS." This Advisory Service is **QUITE FREE.**

"THE WINNER" is the really **COMPLETE** Competition Journal. Each week it gives

THE MOST RELIABLE SOLUTIONS for every current CROSSWORD and PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST.

If you want to win a prize in ANY competition **ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT** for **"THE WINNER."**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 2d.

"The Greatest of These —" Fund.

The Fallen Acrobat

IN her career as an acrobat, Eileen's mother must often have tumbled and had to be helped up again. And that is typical of her life.

At present, as her letter shows, she is completely down, waiting for a helping hand:

"For my children's sake" — Eileen

"You will see by the enclosed note [a notice from her landlord to quit, as her rent is overdue] I don't know what to do, as I have pawned everything I possibly can.

"My husband left us with nothing before my last baby was born. Baby is seven months old now. It is the third time my husband has gone off. I cannot do any work, as I have a badly ulcerated leg.

"One boy has been in hospital nearly eight months. I have one little girl five years, and a son eighteen, who gives me 14s. weekly.

"My husband left us before, when he knew we were to be put out. I walked the streets all night, with my two little ones.

"I got a job canvassing, but it was too much. I collapsed when I was up in the North, and went into hospital for six months.

"I had my husband back, and everything is worse now, as I have the baby. He sends 2s 6d., 3s., or 4s. sometimes, and the rent is 15s weekly for two rooms.

"It is for my children's sake I ask. I have been parted from them before, but I cannot stand it again. It would mean the end."

"If you can render some help," writes her minister, "it will bring gladness to a woman who is weary of battling with circumstances."

We can only render her help if our readers will render the fund help by sparing a contribution, according to the dictates of their hearts, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, "The Greatest of These ——" Fund, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Longun (Lewisham), 10s.; W. Duckworth (Blackburn), 2s. 6d.; M. B. (Bedford), 2s. 6d.; C. W. Longley (Colchester), 1s.; Happy (St. Helens), 3d., "?," 9d.; J. Hennesbery (Monkstown), 6d.; Another Struggler, 1s.; E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 1s.; Joseph Almond (Prescot), 1s., K. W. G. P., £2 2s.; Anon. (Bellahouston), 6d.; Anon. (Sunderland), 6d.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Crossroads, 1s.; Last Shilling (Hastings), 1s.; M. Fairhurst (St. Helens), 1s.; Anon (Sheerness), 1s.; Grateful for Health (Port Talbot), 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Molly, 5s.; A. de Serra, 5s.; M. M., 5s.; Cheviot Cla., 10s.; Reader of JOHN BULL, £1 5s.; Anon. (Bristol), 14s.; A Working Man, £2; Billie, 4½d.; Sympathy (Coventry), 1s.; Michael, 8d.; Cork (Manchester), 6d.; Mrs. J. Watkins (The Poors' Mite), 2s.; C. W. Crow (Sparkhill), 1s.; Chichester, 1s.; J. E. Cross (Thrumpton), 1s.; L. A. P., 1s.; Miss C. Hoye (Hitchin), 1s.; G. E. C., 1s.; Squib, 1s.; L. Price (Gloucester), 1s. 6d.; Nemo, 2s.; Sympathy (Gillingham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. Ward, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 2s. 6d.; H. L. B., 3s.; F. S. R. Foster, 3s.; Anon. (Manchester), 5s.; W. J. D. Carroll, 5s.; Anon. (Coventry), 6s.; Wellington, 10s.; In Memory of Margaret Mary, 10s.; Mrs. F. E. McCrorie, 6d.; 3s. Cresswell, 1s.; Iris (Rhondda), 1s.; C. D. (Birmingham), 1s.; Reader of JOHN BULL (Fife), 1s. 9d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Mursel, 2s.; Hunsingore, 2s.; William H. Young (Alexandria), 2s. 6d.; D. Edwards (Perth), 2s. 6d.; Topper, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Easton (Boroughton), 5s.; M.C., 5s.; Prize-Winner 5s., H. Burnell (Bristol), 1s.; Charity, 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; M. A. Newberry and E. C., 2s. 6d.; "Me Esquire" (Sussex), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Happy Xmas), 3s.; Anon. (Witney), 5s.; True Sympathiser, 5s.; Anon. (Abingdon), 2s.; 6d. Collection (Sheerness), 2s., H. G. Taylor (Edgeley), 2s.; J. Maplethorpe (Leicester), 2s.; M. A. W., 2s.; Miss A. Hanson (Bingley), 1s.; Mrs. Wilkinson, 6d.; G. Allcorn, 1s.; L. M. Wirdnam (Oxford), 1s.; Rose Graham, 6d.; W. R. Stephens (Poplar), 2s.; Mrs. W. Holmes (Lincoln), 6d.; Child Lover, 1s.; J. H. Hammerton, 6d.; W. Mountrey, 1s.; H. Bown (Weston-super-Mare), 1s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: A. F. Loveride (Cheltenham); Mrs. G. Burtenshaw (Hove); Mrs. Riddolls (Plymouth); F. Smith (Elterwater); Elsie Harris (Hatham); L. T. (Edmonton); A Now Grown-Up; Sympathy (Northallerton); Mrs. Harris (Hatham).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

What if it were YOUR Home?

SMASHING and hewing his way, endeavouring to subdue the hungry flames! A fireman's duty is a duty bravely performed. See to it that you perform an obvious duty by registering for "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance. You dare not risk it! Sign the forms below now.

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits.

FIRE—Up to £400

We give below the names of a few readers who benefit on account of Fire.

DINAS POWIS, GLAM.—Mr. W. H. Guest, Elm Grove Rd.
CARDIFF.—Mr. D. T. Hawkins, 29, Evansfield Rd., Llandaff North.
ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mr. W. Johnson, 12, Reginald Rd., Sutton.
PORT TALBOT.—Mr. D. Martil, 9, Bryntag St., Bryn.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. M. E. Lundgren, 94, Commercial Road.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. W. Cosens, 83, Longfield Rd., Litherland.
LEIGH, LANCS.—Mrs. M. O. Lambe, 152, Globe St.
FERRYSIDE, CARM.—Mrs. M. Harris, Ivy House.
ROWTON, NR. CHESTER.—Mrs. A. Bell, 4, Grange Villas.
PONTLLANFRAITH, MON.—Mr. E. Miles, Glencross, Pennain Road.
SHREWSBURY.—Mr. B. F. Biffen, Abbotswood, Reabrook Avenue, Belle Vue.
ST. MARY CRAY, KENT.—Mrs. C. McIntyre, 4, Epsoms Cotts., Forderoft.
TIPTON, STAFFS.—Mr. J. Jackson, 21, Tudor Street.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mr. L. W. Frrington, 161, Wilmot Rd., Swadlincote.
NORTH SHIELDS.—Mr. R. Leach, 25, Front St., Preston Village.
CREWE.—Mrs. M. Mead, 51, Alexandra St.
DERBY.—Mrs. M. Thorpe, 31, Wellington St.
ROSEBERY AVENUE, E.C.1.—Mrs. F. M. Edwards, 21 Rosebery Square.
STREET, SOMERSET.—Mrs. E. M. Beavan, 4, Houndwood Terr., Cranhill Rd.
NEWCASTLE.—Mr. L. Steel, 7, Willow Ave., Fenham.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. A. Thorpe, 61, Rolleston St., Ancoats.
GWAUNCAEGURWEN, GLAM.—Mr. R. Evans, 62, Pontardawe Rd., Cwmgorse.
RUGBY.—Mr. T. Garner, 49, Victoria Avenue, New Bilton.
BELFAST.—Mr. T. Black, Beechside, Sydenham Avenue.
NR. STAMFORD, LINCS.—Mrs. E. Elliott, 15, Broadeb[illegible]
WORCESTER.—Mrs. J. Jo[illegible] 1, Green Hill, Bath [illegible]
COVENTRY.—Mrs. K[illegible] Williams, 155, Villier[illegible] Stoke.
SOUTH BENFLEET.—Mr. [illegible] Pugh, Sandford, Kent[illegible] Rd.
GLASGOW, S.2.—Mrs. H[illegible] gomery), 79, Crofthead A[illegible]
BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—Mr[illegible] Leece, 36, Hawke St.
MANNINGTREE, ESSEX.—Mr[illegible] Reynolds, South St.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 29/11/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a [illegible] reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits, conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** [J.B., 29/11/30.]

P.S. A Great Threefold Gift to you on Page 4

100 BIG CHEQUES TO ARRIVE XMAS MORNING!

'Bullets' First Prize £300

£50

£25

500 of 2/6

8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

A CHRISTMAS THRILL FOR YOU!

A TREMENDOUS thrill awaits over 100 "Bulleteers" on Christmas morning. On that day this week's fine batch of cash Christmas-boxes will be delivered to winners, and you can bring one of these precious envelopes to your door.

The prize which arrives so appropriately on the very day you want one most may be the sum of £300, £50 or £25; or you may win one of the 100 Special Christmas cheques which make this week's contest one of your finest opportunities of the year.

To make a *Bullet*, add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* WHEN PARTY'S FINISHED, by adding the words THEN COUNTRY MORE "SATISFIED" a typical *Bullet* is constructed.

See that your entry arrives by Saturday, December 6.

THIS WEEK'S BIG 'BULLETS' WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 780:

Mr. B. Fentiman, 206, Beckfield Lane, Acomb, York.
Example:—LOWER WAGES
Bullet:—LESSEN EXPENSES—LESSON EXPENSIVE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. R. J. Owen, 84, Bernard House, Criccieth.
Example: Test Of Endurance
Bullet: The Two *Million's* Silence.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. Bell, 11, Cliffview Road, Lewisham, S.E.
Example: Home's Like Heaven If
Bullet: Pair There Share Care.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. H. BISHOP, 2, Burns Avenue, Pitsea.
Defied—Reduce Arms!"—Duce Re-arms.

P. R. EVANS, Hiltons, Ltd., 43, Fore Street, Taunton.
Heart-to-heart Talk — "Brass Tacks" "Riveting" Friendship.

T. S. FEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middx.
Like A Conjurer—And "Rabbit," Perfect Husband.

Mrs. E. GILFOYLE, 6, Newlands Avenue, Gain Lane, Bradford.
Price Of Progress—Prohibitive—If Prohibition's Progress!

D. HEATH, 619, New Cottages, Metheravon.
Trouble Some — Quarrelsome—Cuddlesome—Bless 'Im!

W. R. JOHN, 5, Hafod Street, Cardiff.
As The Law Stands—Let Awry About Lotte

Mrs. A. J. MORRIS, "Cwmredyn," Felinfach S.O., Cards.
Lower Wages—"Step Backwards"—"Wars. "Precipice!"

Mrs. M. REES, Melbourne House, Glyn Neath, S. Wales.
What's Wrong With Youth — Doesn't Respect Age's Folly!

E. W. TUCK, 20, Court Lane, Cosham, Portsmouth, Hants.
She Gave One Look And—Found The Colt—stud!

J. E. WEBB, 36, Villiers Road, Oxhey, Watford.
Light Of Wisdom — Party "Colour" Invisible In.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. J. BISHOP, "Belscot," Heath Lane, West Bromwich.
Blessing To Man—Could Einstein Explain *Relatives!*

M. A. CLARKE, 6, Milly Street, Urmston, Manchester.
Light Of Wisdom—*That* Doesn't Travel Swiftly.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

T. HOWE, 1, Station Cottages, Kenton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
On Every Hand — Troubles — Government Too Off-hand.

W. JARDINE, 9, Waterworks Road, Hastings.
She Gave One Look And — Policeman Blamed Other Motorist.

W. T. JARVIS, 46, Park Chase, Wembley Park.
Hush-hush Policy — Doesn't Put Sex "Asleep."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

G. MITCHELL, 85, Inveresk Road, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
Blessing To Man—Bachelorhood—To Mankind, Marriage.

E. W. MOSEDALE, "Amberley," Blossomfield Road, Solihull.
Heated Controversy — Closing Carriage Window Opens.

Mrs. E. PHILLIPS, 32, Waun Ebbw, Nantyglo, Mon.
Not Shouting—But Many Britons "Drowning."

Mrs. S. E. SLATER, 92, Seaview Road, Wallasey, Ches.
Later In Life—Cosiness Preferred to Costliness.

J. WALKER, 42, Darnley Avenue, Scotstoun, Glasgow.
Home's Like Heaven If—Two "Servants"—No "Master."

A list of 500 "Bullets" fowl and 250 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 784

ON CHRISTMAS DAY
PARLIAMENTARY FOOTBALL
TRADE WILL RETURN WHEN
ABSOLUTELY
GOING SCOT-FREE
WHEN PARTY'S FINISHED
STONY SILENCE
FOR SONNY
IN CASE OF NECESSITY
HARD TO BELIEVE
WITHOUT BRAINS

HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT
NOT KNOWN
A GRIM STRUGGLE
ENCOURAGING MESSAGE
SQUALLS
WOMEN ARE TRYING, BUT
BLOW FOR THE POLICEMAN
FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE
GLORIOUS MUDDLE
STOPPING
DANGER IN THE AIR

BITING THE DUST
HER WEAKNESS
IF YOUTH BUT KNEW
DOG IN THE MANGER
LOSING ITS TERRORS
A WANDERER
BY ALL
KEEPING FAITH
WHAT SHE'S THINKING ABOUT
IF I RAN THE B.B.C.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Dec. 6
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(784) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Dec. 6
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(784) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Dec. 6
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(784) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Dec. 6
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(784) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 784, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 779 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Thomas, 3, Great George Street, Liverpool.

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 13 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 784 have purchased "John Bull."

Examples for "Bullets" No. 783—(Closing Saturday, December 29.)

Along Life's River—Better Work—Army Of Youth—Provided—Sunshine Of Her Smile—Somehow—The Solution—Blocking The Road—Sound Policy—Finished—With Comfort—Ended The Matter—The Years Go By, But—Formidable Rival—Making Things Worse—Marvellous—Stirring—Women Say—Things Were Better When—Not Always—Busy Bodesville—Sweeps—Winning Through—Cooked His Goose—Power Of The Purse—To Make Ends Meet—Non-stop Record—Cudgelling His Brains—At Cross Purposes—Thankful—Can't See The Joke—Meeting Her—Hungering For A Job—Kicking The Cat—Making Up Lost Time—Simply—Fewer And Fewer—Face The Facts And—Fairy Godmother—Trap For The Unwary.

2 FAMOUS QUICK-TONICS

"Yeast-Vite" & George Robey!

"I Feel As *YOUNG* To-day As I Did *THEN*"

And now Mr. George Robey, the Prime Minister of Mirth, pays tribute to "Yeast-Vite," the Prime Minister of Good Health! He writes:—

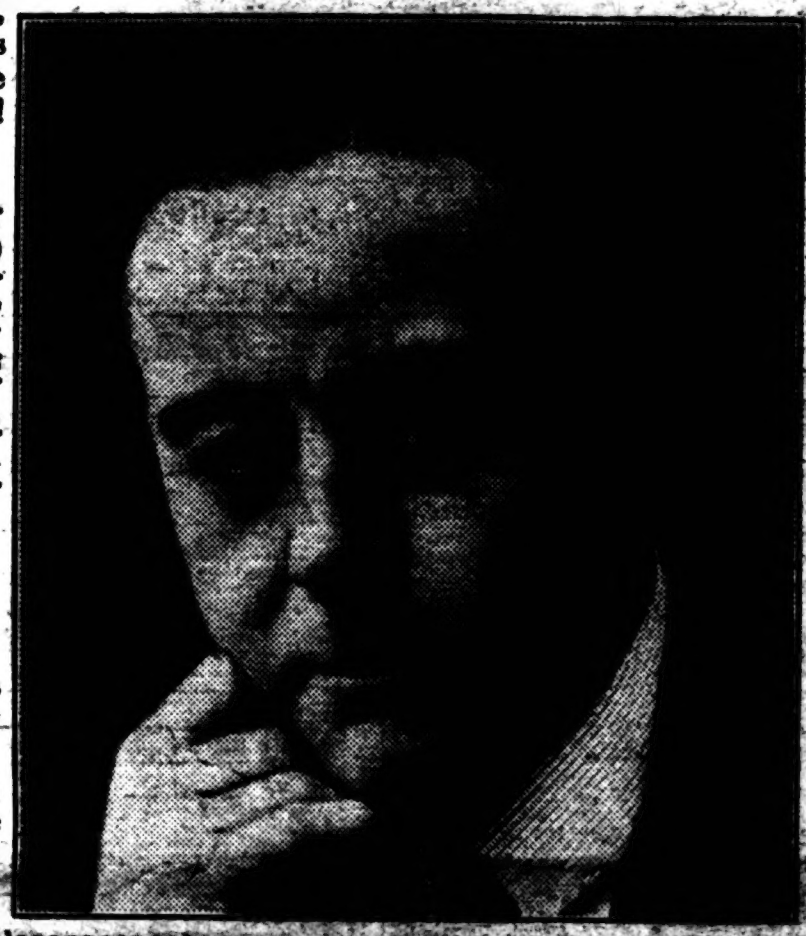
November 8th, 1930.

Dear Sirs, It is now 40 years ago since I made my first success. I feel just as young to-day as I did then. That's "YEAST-VITE"—That's ALL!

Yours Very Sincerely,
(Signed) Geo. Robey.

His letter is as pointed as his brilliant shafts of wit! A worthy letter in a worthy cause!

"Yeast-Vite" is just as certain to bring Good Health to those who are Nervy, Depressed, Run-Down, Out-of-Sorts or In Pain as Mr. George Robey's inimitable humour brings Happiness to the thousands who flock to hear him.



This is Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, of fascinatingly humorous memory, known everywhere as England's Prime Minister of Mirth—photographed in private life.

Follow his example—get a Bottle of "Yeast-Vite" NOW and test its wonderful Power for yourself. Two or three "Yeast-Vite" Quick-Tonic Tablets and a glass of water can help to keep **you** Fit.

"Yeast-Vite" **keeps you free** from everyday Ills and enables you to bring to your Work and Play a Supersbundant Energy and Tireless Enthusiasm. The glass of water immediately following enables it to be absorbed more readily by the body, and thus **increases** the Rapidity of its Quick-Tonic Action.

OUR SECRET!

If, then, you follow this simple rule daily—a glass of water and two or three "Yeast-Vite" Quick-Tonic Tablets—you will find that Buoyancy and Freshness take the place of Weariness, Depression and Fatigue, that your life is Brighter because you **know** that "everything is well."

"Yeast-Vite" is an accurate Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiæ) Vitamins (especially the **ALL**-important Health Vitamin "B") and other Tonic ingredients as prescribed by Specialists.

OUR Record Offer & Quick-Health TIME-TABLE

NO CURE NO PAY!

£5000 GUARANTEE

Accept This Offer TO-DAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question, under our £5,000 guarantee.

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES	*Delightfulness*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

Yeast-Vite TONIC TABLETS

No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture or formula other than the registered trade mark "Yeast-Vite"

The Lightning Pick-Me-Up. From All Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Bottle.

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